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THE
HISTORY OF THE PONTIFICATE
OF
PIUS THE NINTH.

THE
HISTORY OF THE PONTIFICATE
OF
PIUS THE NINTH:

INCLUDING A
NARRATIVE OF THE POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN ITALY
DURING THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

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P R E F A C E.

IN writing the history of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth, I have had to speak of the Italian Revolution. Much has been said, and more written, on this great and unfortunate event. Most of what has been written has been dictated by a spirit inimical to the popular cause. And some of the writers have falsified history with such shameless effrontery, as to disgust even their own partizans. I have not read them all ; and as for replying to the Cochranes, Macfarlanes, d'Alencourts, and such like, that is beneath any honest man's endeavour.

To the author of the article on the Revolution in Italy, which lately appeared in Black-

wood's Magazine, in which he relates the facts with some degree of correctness, but at the same time talks of the *too lenient Government of Austria*, and of the *kindness and paternal rule* of Radetski; to this author I would only say—"To know what England thinks upon these matters, go and ask the men of Messrs. Barclay & Perkins' Brewery."

As Mariotti's book came to my hand whilst writing the last page of this, I have not been able to refute the many false assertions which, at the first glance, I discovered in it. But I have often had occasion to correct the misstatements of Dr. Farini, and have done so by facts—incontestable and genuine facts,—in which, whatever may be the deductions drawn from them, I defy any one to point out the smallest departure from truth.

Although a great change has lately taken place in public opinion in favour of the Italian cause, nevertheless there are some persons who yet remain the advocates of Absolutism,—who slander us Italians in all manner of ways,

and contrive to deprive us of the sympathy of many honest Englishmen of the moderate party.

“Beware!” say they;—“these men are *Red Republicans*.” Yes,—we are Republicans, and we glory in the name. We are Republicans—*Roman* Republicans! We draw our inspiration from Cincinnatus and Cato, from the tombs of our forefathers, and from *nowhere else*. We are Republicans—such Republicans, that when we came to power, after thirty years of exile or imprisonment, we did not shed a drop of blood, nor cause a tear to fall: no family had cause to mourn through us. We are Republicans, and we were Republicans because our Princes left us no alternative besides the subjugation of our country under a foreign yoke, but to drive out the oppressors, become a united and independent nation, and again display our country as an undivided whole on the chart of the world. We are Republicans; and we were Republicans long before the Pope or Charles Albert spoke of reforms and liberty; but nevertheless we proffered our arms—our lives—to both these sovereigns.

We fought for them,—encouraged them, and sacrificed our principles to assist them in carrying out the great idea of nationality and independence. Was it our fault if our hopes were disappointed—if the experiment failed? The Republicans of every part of Italy, forgetting Trocadero, and the barbarous executions of 1833, fought for Charles Albert, in the hope that he, after freeing his country from the stranger, would make, of the dislocated provinces of the Peninsula, a compact and independent kingdom.

We were Republicans,—and yet, when the Pope left Rome, we, not desiring to impose our faith, consented that the non-republican citizens should send a deputation to beg of him to return as an almost absolute sovereign,—because, in seeking the accomplishment of our desires, we looked to the common welfare, not to our own personal interests. We are, and we were Republicans, because all our national glory—all our history—is Republican;—because we have not a Prince, not a dynastic family, to which

our country owes aught but misery, debasement, and humiliation. We are Republicans, and we were Republicans, because we are Italians, and because we have not found a Prince who would give us back our Italy freed from the chains of servitude. This we answer to the partizans of despotism.

Those Catholics who accuse us of ingratitude to Pius the Ninth, we refer to the facts we have stated; and we invite them, either to disprove these facts, or else to submit to the evidence they furnish that we showed towards Pius the Ninth far more forbearance than a free people conscious of their own dignity ought to have done. And here let me ask them a question: "What would they have advised us to do when Pius had refused to return to his Capital, after having been more than once entreated to do so? Would they have advised us to bribe some of the Cardinals, who, each in the hope of being the fortunate man, should have met in conclave, nominated another Pope, and so revived the Anti-Popes and schisms of former times?—or

would they have preferred that the Romans should have resumed their ancient right—a right which, in my opinion, every congregation of Christians should undoubtedly possess,—viz. that of electing their own pastors,—and so have a Pope elected by the free suffrages of the citizens?”—Ah! it is perhaps well for them that this experiment was not tried, for it is by no means certain that the Romans would not have chosen Mazzini as Pope.—But perhaps it would have pleased them better, that, before the French bayonets had cleared the way for the Pope’s return, we should have placed ourselves under the protection and paternal care of the Neapolitan Ferdinand!

I will conclude the justification of my party by asking every dispassionate Englishman to judge us, not by the calumnies of our enemies, but by our deeds. The tree is known by its fruit. Have not the Republicans been, for several months, masters of Tuscany and Rome? And can any one reproach them with having, during that time, committed—I do not say any

act of terrorism or cruelty, but—a single act for which an honest man can reasonably blame them? If he can, let it be pointed out; if he cannot, no man living has a right to cast in our faces as a term of reproach, the name of Republicans.

As for myself, in the compilation of this work, I have done my best to lay aside all party feeling. I have depicted events and men as they really are, or at least, as in my conscience I believe them to be. I have rendered to all, including the greatest enemies of my own party, that justice which is their due. I have respected every conviction and opinion which, although contrary to my own, I have believed to be conscientiously held, and to spring from pure sources. I rejoiced to relate the noble qualities and the kind disposition of Giovanni Mastai, and I would have been glad to have shown, through every page of my book, my gratitude to the giver of the amnesty. But the truth must be told. The wrongs inflicted

upon an entire nation cannot pass unavenged ; and if adverse circumstances prevent us from effectually subduing the cruel oppressor, we must at least consign his name to the maledictions of posterity.

In speaking of the Catholic Priests,* I have described them generally, as superstitious and corrupt bigots ; yet in justice I must say that there are many of them who, although strongly attached to their religion, yet highly disapproved of the tyranny and intolerance of the Court of Rome,—a crime which they are now expiating in the *Ergastolo* of Corneto. They are most heartily to be pitied, for they are worse treated than even the common political prisoners. The Court of Rome, blind to the vices of the priests, and regardless of their immoralities, or even conniving at them, is without pity for the honest Churchman who entertains the least doubt, either regarding the divine right of the Prince,

* Let it be borne in mind that my remarks apply only to the Priests of Italy, not to those of other countries, of whom I know but little.

or the infallibility of the Pontiff. A striking example of this was the special exclusion of all clerical offenders from the large and comprehensive amnesty with which Pius shed a lustre on the beginning of his Pontificate.

Finally, I must beg the indulgence of my readers for this bold attempt to address them in a language so little familiar to me as the English. I am conscious that there are many expressions and phrases in this work which must offend an English ear ; and easily, with the help of some friend, could I have had them corrected, but that I wished to preserve to my writing its original cast. I do not covet praise as an elegant writer, or even as an amusing storyteller. I place all my glory in veracity. Of almost all the events which I relate I have been an eye-witness. With the greater number of those who took a prominent part in the first agitation for reform, and in the subsequent more serious struggles, I am personally acquainted ; so that I have not asserted anything of which I am not

absolutely certain, or the truth of which I am not prepared to maintain against all impugners. I desired to lay before the English public, now awakened to the importance of the Italian question, a correct account of the real state of affairs in Italy, in order that it may come to a proper conclusion as to the course of conduct which England should adopt in the settlement of that question. I say intentionally,—the course of conduct which England should adopt ; because I suppose she will not consent that the destiny of so great a nation as Italy—if it must be interfered with at all by other powers,—which I much deprecate,—shall be decided without herself taking an active part in such decision. Thus to consent would be an act of suicide ; England cannot do so—without at once losing her rank as one of the greatest of European powers.

THE
HISTORY OF THE PONTIFICATE
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EPOCH I.

THE POPE INCLINED TO BE A REFORMER.

THE life of a man who, within the short compass of a few months, has been adored almost as a god and execrated as the worst of tyrants, cannot fail to excite the deepest interest. By the people of England, more especially, must this interest be strongly felt, since it is this same man whose wanton impudence has but lately disturbed their tranquillity, and who even now tries to raise rebellion and civil war in Ireland.

Brought up in the Pope's native town, intimately acquainted with all his family, personally connected with many of the principal events of his Pontificate, I have thought myself qualified to relate his history, if not as an accomplished writer, at least as a well-informed biographer.

In narrating the history of Pius the Ninth, it

shall be my endeavour to forget nothing, to omit nothing, however good or bad it may be. He shall be praised, and blamed, wherever in my humble opinion he deserves it. Although in these times of excitement impartiality may be but a poor recommendation, yet I intend not to libel the man, but to write his history. The work will be divided into four Epochs.

I shall confine to a page or two the life of GIOVANNI MASTAI. He was born at Senigallia on the 13th June 1792. He was the seventh child of Count Mastai, one of those our noblemen who possess a splendid palace, an ancient name, a magnificent genealogical tree, and a revenue of from two to four hundred pounds. Giovanni, the youngest of the family, perceiving that, like all others similarly situated, he must either maintain himself or be contented with a scanty pittance at the board of his eldest brother, determined to become either a soldier or a priest. After some hesitation he betook himself to the trade of the latter, as the less dangerous and more lucrative. He became, then, a priest, and, setting aside his bigotry and superstitious strictness in the observance of the external forms of religion, a very exemplary one. Being a patrician and a bigot, he quickly advanced in the career of honour and dignity. He became a Prelate, a Bishop, and, at the death of Gregory the Sixteenth, he was Cardinal-Archbishop of Imola.

In each of these capacities few would have acted more praiseworthily than did Mastai. A stranger to political intrigue—assiduous in performing his pastoral duties—charitable to the poor—the friend and consoler of the afflicted—strictly moral in his private life,—he was most dearly beloved by his flock. The meekness of his character—his perfect freedom from political bias—the hope entertained by all the other Cardinals of domineering over a Pope entirely uninterested in temporal affairs,—all contributed to his being elevated to the chair of St. Peter. After only two days' conclave, on the 16th June 1846 he was elected Pope, and assumed the name of Pius the Ninth. My readers will perhaps be gratified by a short description of this Conclave. On the fourteenth day after the Pope's death, the Cardinals assemble in conclave, generally from fifty-five to sixty in number. They meet in the Palace of the Quirinal, every Cardinal bringing with him a valet and a secretary. Two physicians, a surgeon, and an apothecary, enter the palace along with them, and all are shut in until a new Pope is chosen. It is with the Catholic an article of faith that the Holy Ghost presides over the deliberations of the Cardinals; that they, prompted by the Divine Spirit, invariably select the man most fit for the high office; and that the man thus chosen is infallible. Yet notwithstanding the divine assistance, the conclave has on some occasions lasted so long (once nine months, I be-

lieve) that the "Most Eminent" gentlemen, tired of their seclusion, thought to hasten the decision by enacting that every eight days their daily aliment should be diminished. This has more than once reduced them to a diet of bread and water—to produce, I suppose, a state of mind sufficiently clear for the reception of the Divine Spirit, whose voice was perhaps unintelligible when the stomachs of the holy men were surcharged with animal food! But to resume: The moment the Cardinals have entered the palace, the interior doors are walled up, and all the windows carefully closed and barred on the outside. Each Cardinal occupies a separate apartment, which he must on no account leave, except for the purpose of attending the chapel. All intercourse between the electors is strictly forbidden; and should any one of them be summoned from without upon very urgent business, he descends to a parlour, must speak through a small grating, and always in the presence of two of his brother Cardinals, chosen every week specially for this purpose. At twelve o'clock every day, a procession of gorgeously decorated carriages, each with a full complement of lackeys, enters the Quirinal, conveying the dinner of the Cardinals, with as much pomp and display as if their Eminences themselves rode inside. Many there are who ridicule this pageant. But they are wrong; for one of those dinners will some day or other be called *santissimo* (most holy), and will be

served up to a most holy and blessed man, the successor of the Apostles. At half-past ten every morning, and about five every evening, the Cardinals enter the chapel,—or rather, each enters his own private stall, which is so constructed that he can hold no communication with his neighbour, in order, I should imagine, to prevent him from learning what the Holy Ghost is saying to the other electors. One of them celebrates mass. During the consecration of the Host, the Dean goes round and receives from every Cardinal a schedule in which is written the name of the person for whom he votes. These schedules are deposited in the chalice, and after mass they are read aloud from the altar. Two-thirds of the voices are requisite to render the election valid; and when the reading has proceeded so far as to make it evident that no one will obtain this proportion of the votes, even if all the remaining voices were in his favour, all the schedules, both those which have been read and those which remain unread, are burnt, the latter without even being opened. The populace every morning and evening gather on the Place of the Quirinal, and gaze attentively at the chimney-tops. When they see the smoke of the burning schedules, they disperse with some murmurs of disappointment, especially if their hope and curiosity have been excited by the tardiness of the unwelcome sign. If no smoke appears, their attention is redoubled, and their curiosity

raised to the highest pitch. In fact, when in two-thirds of the schedules is written the same name, they are not burnt: the man has become a god; you must prostrate yourself before him—adore him—believe him—or else——be damned! The happy event is announced to the people from the balcony of the palace. Its walled-up window being broken open, a Cardinal, preceded by ecclesiastical functionaries, one of whom bears the cross, steps out and addresses the multitude thus—“*Annuntio vobis gaudium magnum: habemus Pontificem*”—“I announce to you a great and joyful fact: we have a Pope;” and here he declares the name of the Cardinal elected, and the name he has assumed as Pope, at the same time dropping into the Place below a piece of paper on which these names are written. A violent scramble for this paper then takes place. Thousands of hats and hands are raised high in the air to catch it; and the fortunate man who succeeds rushes at once to deliver the news to the new Pope’s friends and partisans, by whom you may believe he is richly rewarded.

When Gregory the Sixteenth died, Popery, both as a spiritual and a temporal power, was also breathing its last in Italy. The Pope’s scandalous conduct, both intemperate and impure,* had alie-

* Every one knew that Gregory was drunk regularly two or three times a-week. The scandal in another way had reached such a point, that in the very Palace of the Vatican was brought up the child of the wife of the Pope’s barber. The birth of this

nated from him as Pontiff all the honest and conscientious men among the religious Catholics. The relentless tyranny of Lambruschini della Genga Mattei had exasperated men's minds so much that every other year a new revolution broke out, each more serious than its predecessor. Youth, in its generous devotedness, was ready to shed its blood to amend the wretched condition of the country; and persons of more mature age, driven to despair, preferred death to ignominy. Every moment a general outbreak was expected, the consequences of which, from the exasperated state of the people, would have been terrible. Twenty-five thousand persons, the tenth of the active population, the hundredth part of the whole, were either exiles or in the Pope's dungeons. The misery was insupportable—the apprehension and anxiety extreme. All the European powers, including even Austria, had advised the Roman Court to relent,—but in vain. When the new Pope was elected, the Romans, who were ready to revolt, determined to try that last experiment. If a man like Giovanni Mastai, whose pure and uncontaminated life—

child was celebrated by the publication of a book of poems, and the Cardinals and Prelates of the Court were proud to nurse it. I will not repeat what I cannot affirm, but this much I know, that neither grace nor favour could be obtained from Gregory, either as Prince or Pontiff, except through the hands of La Gaetanina, as the Romans called the wife of the barber Gaetano Moroni, who at the Pope's death was possessed of two millions of francs.

whose piety, meekness, and charity, every one admired — should prove no better than former Popes, then all was over, and Popery would have ceased to reign over Italy.

All minds were in great suspense and anxiety, but Pius the Ninth soon relieved them. Urged by his friends, who were liberals, and prompted also by his own compassionate heart, on the 16th July, a month after his accession to the Papal throne, he proclaimed a large and generous amnesty. You may easily imagine the electrical effect which this, and other acts of mercy and justice, produced in a country where you could hardly have found a family which had not one of its members in exile or in prison. The Roman States never witnessed such exultation. The churches, the houses, the shops, the streets, echoed with blessings and plaudits for Pius the Ninth as the true representative of the merciful religion of Christ. On my return from exile, I was told by my parents, and by the Pope's own brothers, that many of the unfortunate inhabitants of the Romagna, whose chains Pius had broken, came to his palace at Senigallia, and after having exhausted all other expressions of gratitude, contrived to detach from the walls of the house a portion of the cement, which they carried home to their families as a sacred relic. The burst of gratitude which sprung from our hearts elicited from the Pope some other acts of kindness. Political prisoners

were by him received, pitied, and employed. Families which the past tyranny had ruined were relieved. The more obnoxious of the police were dismissed, and men more honest and of milder character employed in their stead. We Italians, who so deeply resent an injury, are equally grateful for any kindness. We loaded the Pope with our blessings and praises. We celebrated his virtues in a thousand different ways. The world was soon filled with the eulogiums of Pius, and for a brief period Europe prostrated herself at the feet of that Idol which our gratitude had placed so high. Even England—Protestant England—did not lack enthusiasm for the Pope. The rough and boisterous Americans complimented him; and the Sultan, that great and inveterate enemy to the Christian faith, sent an embassy, with presents, to the chief of Christianity.

Those demonstrations were, in my opinion, the Pope's ruin. The flattery rendered him vain. His ambition rose, and he thought to restore to Popery its ancient splendour and power, and to become himself the arbiter of nations. The short-sighted priest applied to himself, as Pope, the praises which were bestowed on him as Prince, and imagined that Europe was bending the knee to the Pontiff, while she was only applauding the liberal reformer. In the meantime Rome was a scene of continued festivity: wherever the Pope went, he was accompanied by an immense crowd of people with

thunders of acclamation. Once, when on his way back from his country-seat of Castel Gandolfo, the whole road, for fourteen miles, was thronged with a joyful multitude applauding the return of their beloved sovereign. Many English Protestants I saw among the crowd, heartily shouting for Pius IX. Alas! they little dreamt that that same man would bring their country into so much trouble. They hoped, perhaps, that he would renounce the greater part of the errors of the Romish religion, and try to unite all the Christian family as brethren under the same standard, in the primitive church of Christ;—while he, the priest, was perhaps at the same moment speculating on their enthusiasm as the means of bringing many over from the Protestant communion into his corrupted sheep-fold. And he has to some extent succeeded in doing so. Assuredly the renown of the Pope's virtues has brought many Protestants to the Romish Church, and I think I render a service to England by showing in his true light the man for whom so many of her children abandon their religion.

Meanwhile the Romans, while cheering the Pope, were asking for reform and freedom. Pius accepted the applause,—and the people, mistaking this acceptance for compliance with their wishes, proclaimed him the most liberal man in Italy. The old ultra-catholic and absolutist party, now called the Gregorian, frightened by the clamour

of the populace, and displeased with the Pope's conciliatory policy, retired from the Court in discontent, and for a short time Pius was surrounded by true, liberal, and honest counsellors. Yet his policy did not correspond with his vaunted reputation for liberality. Certainly there was a forbearance—a toleration—unknown before to the Court of Rome. The conduct of the Pope was irreproachable: he gave public audiences every Thursday; he put an end to the profusion and luxury which had disgraced the past reign, and showed himself above all eager to acquire and retain the love and blessings of his subjects. Personally he was averse to every kind of tyranny and despotism, and inclined to grant some reforms; but the more cunning among the Cardinals and Prelates, without openly opposing his wishes, insinuated into his timid and superstitious mind the idea that by allowing any layman to enter his councils, and by divesting the Church of any of her privileges, he would be little better than a heretic;—hence his vacillation. Count Joseph, the Pope's own brother, who had been an exile and was a patriot, conversing upon our hopes and fears with the author of this work, said—“ I am afraid they will work upon his feeble and timorous conscience;—if they persuade him that it is a sin to concede any reform, we are lost.” He was right.

Meanwhile the cry for real and substantial re-

form rose from every part of the State. The Romans, in particular, were very clamorous. When they desired to carry a point, they assembled to the number of perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand, and, bearing hundreds of flags and torches, went to the Quirinal, and asking the Pope's blessing, stated their wishes amidst shouts of "*Viva Pio Nono!*" The Pope was highly gratified by the acclamations of the populace, but still hesitated to accede to their wishes. Yet, unwilling to lose the love of the Romans, moved by their flattering demonstrations, and pressed by circumstances, he, at the last hour, made some concessions, which at the time appeared to the multitude, so long deprived of every right, almost as a boon from heaven, but which were in reality little better than a glittering toy thrown to the people to amuse them for a time.

As foreigners have reproached us, and Catholics still reproach us, with ingratitude to Pius, who, they say, had granted more than he ought, I must show in a few words in what these boasted reforms consisted.

On the 12th March appeared an edict upon the press; on the 14th April, another on the Consulta di Stato; and on the 14th June the same year, one concerning the State Secretaries. The edict on the press enacted that in future there should be in every province five censors, consisting of four laymen and one ecclesiastic—the

latter as president, of course,—to whom every line intended for publication must be submitted. If these gentlemen, who were nominated by the Pope, did not approve of a manuscript, it could not be published; nevertheless the writer had at least this consolation, that *they were obliged to give him a written statement of their reasons for disapproving of it*. This was the law on the press. What think *you* of it, you Irish Catholics?—Would *you* be contented with such a law?—you from whose press every day issue unmeasured abuse against your parliament, your law, your fellow-citizens, and all whom you consider opposed to you? Answer me that!

The Consulta di Stato was a body of fourteen members, constituted thus:—each of the Governors of the fourteen provinces (who is of course a dignitary of the Church) sent to the Pope a list of three names, and from each list he selected one. These fourteen “Consultors” were called together in the capital, not to take any part in the administration, but merely *to give their opinion if asked*. Tell me now, O ye versatile writers of the *Times*, ought we to be contented with *such* popular representation?

The edict on the Ministers was more important than either of the others. Till then the supreme authority was delegated by the Pope to a single Cardinal, who was called the Secretary of State. All business was transacted by him, all other

authorities dependent on him. Now the edict created *six* Ministers (as usual all churchmen)—irresponsible, unapproachable,—so that we had now the great advantage of being governed by six Cardinals instead of one.—Alas! poor frogs!—the sun is going to marry! Ought we to have been contented with this, O ye partisans of a blind and systematic absolutism?

Yet however insignificant and superficial these reforms were, we thankfully accepted them,—not as definitive, but as the fore-runners of others more extensive. Every time a new edict appeared, we repaired in procession to the Quirinal; and every time we blessed the Pope and received his blessing in return. But the Gregorian party, composed of all the execrated and dismissed Police—all the sycophants and varlets of the sacristy, headed by some of the Prelates and Cardinals, secretly directed by the Jesuits, and protected by Austria,—was loudly murmuring against the Pope, and slandered him with every kind of abusive name. Those Priests and Prelates who, perceiving the wind blowing toward liberalism, were ready to sail with it, were frightened by Austria with menaces of intervention. Many spread the rumour that the Pope, unwilling to comply with the requests of the liberals, had himself besought the intervention of Austria;—but this rumour was at that time a calumny. The Government was in great anxiety and alarm.

The Court had lost all favour with the people, and the Pope alone still held his former place in their estimation. Menaced with the poignard and with poison * by the absolutist party—flattered and caressed by the liberals—surrounded by his friends, all belonging to that party,—Pius yielded to the unanimous wishes of his people, and granted the institution of the National Guard. Gizzi, the Secretary of State, displeased at having to sign the ordinance, resigned, and was succeeded by the Pope's cousin, Cardinal Ferretti, a frank and upright man, although an unskilful politician. As Ferretti was entirely guided by his brother Pietro, who had been a triumvir during the commotion of 1831, and an exile ever since, the liberal party was now more in favour than ever.

A year had now elapsed since the Pope's accession, and all Italy was about to commemo-

* The belief that the Jesuits would attempt to poison the Pope was so general, that Giusti, a poet, in an imaginary conversation between Ferdinand of Naples, his Minister del Carretto, and his Confessor, a Jesuit, represented the Confessor, after many complaints of the evils caused by the Pope, as being asked by del Carretto, why they did not put in practice their doctrine on the subject of bad kings, and as replying thus :—" We would have done so before now, but for the fear of being all massacred by the populace, if the Pope showed the least symptom of having been poisoned." The Romans would often shout to their dear Mastai—" Holy Father, beware what you eat ! don't trust the Jesuits !"

rate the 16th of July,—the day of the amnesty. But while Rome was preparing one of her most splendid fetes, a rumour got abroad that a very wide-spread and dangerous conspiracy was a-foot against the lives both of the Pope and of the Leader of the liberal party.

Many symptoms had already transpired, both in Rome and in the provinces. The Centurioni* were kept in pay, and in the expectation of an early movement, their chiefs often met in secret, and had become rather insolent. The Carabinieri, headed by the most infamous men that ever disgraced the profession of arms—Nardoni, Freddi, Allai, and such like recreants—had fired on the townspeople in Faenza and Cesena. Some of the priests were even more daring;—they spoke from the pulpit against Pio Nono, denouncing him as a heretic. I will here indulge in the recital of an anecdote, illustrative of what is here stated.

At Senigallia, during its celebrated fair, all merchandise enters free of duty, and pays only when removed. From time immemorial, priests, monks, and every one belonging to the clergy, had passed without being searched by the collectors

* The Centurioni were a gang of robbers and vagabonds enlisted in bands after the revolution of 1831. They were headed by Priests and Monks, who preached to them that to kill a liberal was the surest passport to Heaven. They did not wear any uniform, and were a sort of secret society, protected and paid by the Government.

of customs. This year, however, the priests had lost somewhat of their power, and although the law which secured their privilege was not yet repealed, yet in the case I am about to relate, the laymen who had to execute the law were not over scrupulous in regard to them. There came from a neighbouring town a Franciscan friar, of most unusual and Falstaff-like rotundity. The customs officer stopped him at the gate, and despite his boasted privileges, searched him, when, to the great scandal of the assistants, contraband fine lace, ribbands, and velvet, enough to furnish the wardrobe of half a dozen coquettes, were disgorged from under his tunic. The friar, furious at being deprived of the means of ingratiating himself with some favourite belle, burst out in imprecations against the heretical Pio Nono, and exclaimed, with angry gestures—“*But this wo’nt last long.*” The customs officer and his assistants, after inflicting due personal punishment on the incautious friar, dragged him to prison. The mob wanted to stone him; and it was with the greatest difficulty that Count Joseph and myself saved him from their summary vengeance.

In Rome were to be seen strange and inauspicious faces. Rumour, which, as the poet says, gains strength as it flies, became more universal and more dread. The festival was suspended. It was said that the day fixed for the execution of the plot was the 16th of July. On the 14th, a

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list of the names of some of the most notorious ruffians and spies, coupled with those of some of the Cardinals and Prelates known to be most adverse to the liberal movement, was at first circulated privately, and afterwards affixed to the corners of every street. The people, furious, thirsted for revenge, and demanded the death of the conspirators. In an instant all Rome was in arms,—such arms as *furor ministrat*. The dwellings of some of the most compromised parties were broken into. Several had escaped, some were captured. Many of the Cardinals and Prelates fled. Hundreds of suspected persons were arrested. The action of government was paralyzed, and the people were for two or three days masters of the city;—yet not a drop of blood was shed!

When the tempest had a little abated, Ferretti, to the great joy of the people, compelled Monsignor Grassellini, accused of having a hand in the conspiracy, to leave the State within six hours. Morandi, the new governor, in a proclamation in which he praised the moderation of the citizens and exhorted them to be calm, spoke of the conspiracy as a fact, and promised that *prompt and exemplary justice should be done*. The existence of this conspiracy, in which were certainly implicated some high churchmen, has been since denied; and the conspirators Nardoni, Freddi, and Allai—convicted by a judicial inquiry, execrated for their acts of ferocious tyranny,

once called by the Pope "*wicked and contemptible creatures*,"—are now at the head of that same Pope's Police;—and even they are not the worst among them.

However this may be, Ferretti, the Cardinal-Secretary of State, applauded the popular energy and moderation,—the more to be admired as having been exercised amidst the most violent passions. He went to visit the new quarters of the Civic-Guard, where he pronounced these words, since become so famous:—"Let us show Europe that we can manage by ourselves." He became the idol of the people.

Austria, watchful of all that happened in the Peninsula, fearing that through Pius the Ninth she might lose all her influence, and perhaps her possessions in Italy, and persuaded that we were only merry-making fellows, incapable of supporting by arms our pretensions to freedom,—sent an armed force to Ferrara and took possession of it. Ciacchi, the Cardinal-Legate, energetically protested against such a violation of the Papal territory, and the official Gazette of Rome declared that the Pope approved of the protest. The enthusiasm of the Italians for Pius amounted now almost to frenzy. From every part of Italy offers of succour were tendered to him. Addresses from the all municipalities—from all the constituted bodies—nay from Bishops even, and Convents, were sent to him,—all declaring their readiness to

die in defence of his sacred and beloved person. Arms were everywhere collected and sent him as a present. The prevailing passion now was to be drilled to the use of arms. The theatres, the coffee-houses—all places of amusement, were deserted; the places for military exercise only were crowded with citizens of all classes, eager to learn how to defend their country and their Prince. In less than three months, in Rome alone, ten thousand citizens were armed and equipped as National Guards. The wealthy furnished the equipments for the poor.

The recent insult by Austria had still more inflamed our desire for independence. At our festivals, at our reviews, the name of "Italy" was now shouted along with that of Pius the Ninth. It was the same in every part of the Peninsula. My noble country, which many years of oppression and tyranny had not yet completely corrupted, was now awakened to a sense of its own dignity, and was resolved to shake off the yoke of foreign domination which had too long weighed her down. Oh! sacred love of Fatherland! thy divine fire had at that glorious moment inflamed every breast—exalted every mind—purified every heart!!

The Tuscans, more advanced in civilization than the rest of the Italians, and less restrained in the expression of their sentiments, were the first to agitate for reform and liberty. The Piedmontese

followed next, and both met with success. The Neapolitans also shouted for reform :—Ferdinand answered with the musket. Not only in the smaller States, which are but Austrian Prefectures, but even in Lombardy, that unfortunate country trampled upon by the Croats, was the name of Pius IX. enthusiastically repeated as the symbol of freedom and independence. But even that cry—even the utterance of the name of the Chief of their religion—was for the unhappy Lombard a capital crime. The Milanese, wishing to honour Pius the Idol of Italy, in the person of their new Archbishop Romilli, prepared a solemn religious feast. Praises of the virtues of the Prelate, and hymns in honour of Pius, resounded through the city, which, on the 7th of September was splendidly illuminated. On the 8th, as the procession was on its way to the Cathedral, large bands of Croats, urged on by their officers, armed with sharp cutlasses and bayonets, rushed in amongst the jubilating crowd, and began a cold-blooded massacre. Many citizens, old and young, male and female, perished in this butchery. At Parma and Padua, similar atrocities filled the inhabitants with horror and consternation. A cry of indignation and revenge arose from all parts of Italy. “ War against the murderers of our brothers!” was in the mouth and in the heart of every one. In fact, this feeling was so intense, that even Charles Albert, in a note to a friend, said—“ *How glorious will be the day in*

which the war-cry shall be 'Italian Independence!'
 A favourite song at Genoa and Turin, chaunted
 day and night, had this couplet—

| | |
|---------------------|-----------------------------|
| Se il barbaro tenta | If a barbarous horde |
| La nostra contrada, | Should our country invade, |
| D' Alberto la spada | They by Albert's keen sword |
| Cader lo farà. | Low in dust shall be laid. |

The republicans altered the third line, and
 sung, —

L' Italica spada, - - The sword of Italy.

So ended the year 1847, and the first epoch of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. If we look back to the state of Italy before the accession of Pius, we find all the Governments inflexible in their despotic policy—all the populations malcontent and impatient for liberty. Pius graced the throne by his meekness, his Christian piety, his desire to be loved rather than feared. He granted the amnesty, and reformed some gross abuses. The Italians extolled his clemency, and saw in him the palladium of freedom. Austria and the Jesuits conspired against the reformer Prince;—the Romans took up arms in his defence. The Austrians in defiance invaded Ferrara;—all the Roman States rushed to arms to defend the Pope's territory. Our determined attitude made the invader pause, but our defenceless brethren of Milan and Padua felt the rage of the discomfited barbarian. Then arose the cry for

independence—powerful, irresistible, unanimous, over all Italy. Austria and the absolutists tried to snatch from the Vatican the banner of Pius the Ninth ;—we planted that of Italy on the walls of the Capitol. Metternich had said that Italy was a historical name ;—we prepared to prove ourselves still a noble nation.

EPOCH II.

PIUS FORCED TO BE A REFORMER.

IN the first Epoch of the Pontificate of Pius IX., the task of the historian (if so humble a writer may assume so great a name) has been a very easy and pleasant one. He has had to relate only the kindness of the sovereign—the gratitude of the people—the hopes of Italy—her trust in her princes—her resolution to improve her condition. During this epoch Pius was adored as Prince—venerated as Pontiff. The Prince had given the amnesty, and promised reform; the Pontiff had given an example of the true Christian virtues; and the one had not interfered with the functions of the other. Unpleasant will it be to describe the second Epoch, in which all this delightful harmony was changed into distrust and suspicion.

When the first moment of joyful intoxication and gratitude was over—after some eighteen months had passed away without any substantial reform being granted, we began to show some uneasiness, and became impatient for a serious change in the State. In fact, no real alteration had taken

place. We were still governed by the same law. The finances, the army, the administration of justice, had not undergone any important change, and were managed mostly by the same men, and certainly in the same spirit. Education remained in the hands of the Bishops and Jesuits, so that we were still obliged to have our children taught by our bitterest enemies. Do you wonder, then, that amidst our gratitude we should have felt dissatisfied, and longed for realities, tired as we were of shadows and empty names?

How an Italian could publish a work containing the statement that there existed a conspiracy of excited and ungovernable men—that the partizans of Mazzini were plotting to overthrow the Papal throne,—it is difficult to conceive. No! Mazzini employed no emissaries for such a purpose;—if he had, he could not have succeeded. There is no instance on record of a people rushing headlong into the vortex of revolution until it became evident to them that there remained no other way of having their wrongs redressed. Although very easy, it would occupy too much space to refute the many false assertions of the author of the book above alluded to,—I speak of the work of Dr. Farini, to which the fame of its translator has given great celebrity. Although accurate in narrating events, the party-spirit in which the book is written appears clearly in its every page. We have not the least wish or in-

tention to disparage the character or honesty of Dr. Farini; we complain merely of his partiality. For instance, in all the great popular party the Doctor finds not a single person worthy of his praise, or entitled to be called honest or intelligent,—whilst virtue and ability are entirely monopolized by his own party. This looks rather suspicious. He is moderate, it is true, in his admiration of the one party, and in his animadversions on the other; but this cannot entitle him to the credit of impartiality. We must furthermore observe that Dr. Farini, when in office, found even the ministry of Mamiani, the most moderate of all the Italians, too liberal. He resigned, but resumed office *under the Pope*, after the bombardment of Rome,—when a most violent reaction was filling the prisons with victims—when Pius was execrated by every honest Italian heart, and when the persecution was so great that few, if any, of those who had shown the least liberality of sentiment, were permitted to remain in Rome. Nor must I forget to state, that in our quarrel with the Jesuits, Farini takes the part of the latter. It is but right that the English public should be aware of these facts, in order that they may not be misled in their views regarding events in Italy.—We proceed.

We are now in the year 1848, which presents itself pregnant with great events.

The name of liberty, which Europe believed

to have been pronounced from the Vatican, had excited a restless agitation amongst the nations. The system of coercion which had prevailed in almost every country since the fall of Napoleon was tottering to its base. Everywhere the populations demanded liberty, and, strange to say, they demanded it in the name of Pius. It is true, the uniform answer was the addition of a battalion to the already immense standing armies; yet it could be plainly perceived that the reign of the bayonets was almost at an end. In Rome, the murmurs against the Court increased daily. Ferretti lost his popularity, and gave in his resignation. We insisted on the secularization of the Government. There was a great stir about the Jesuits: publications of all kinds against them were daily thrown in the streets of Rome by a clandestine press, and this more than all exasperated the Pope. He would not listen to a word in their disfavour, and on one or two occasions in public, when he received the staff of the National Guard, he specially manifested his displeasure that the reverend fathers should be regarded with any other feelings than those of devotion and gratitude. This began to cool the people's enthusiasm. It was decided that on the first day of the year a procession should repair to the Quirinal to do homage to the Pope and to ask for reform. The Pope, unwilling to comply with the request, refused to receive the multitude; and the manner in

which that refusal was intimated shocked the Romans even more than the refusal itself. Early in the morning of the 1st, two officers of Carabinieri intimated to Angelo Brunetti, also called Ciceruacchio,* a popular leader, that as they had orders to prevent the procession by force, if necessary, it would not be safe for the people to come to the Quirinal. When the multitude who were assembling heard this, they made a great uproar, and many curses were uttered against the Police and the Court. It is not true, as Dr. Farini says, that the Roman Senator Orsini went among the people to calm them;—they went to him—to his residence, and compelled him to go to the Pope with their complaints against the courtiers;—for on them we as yet laid all the blame. The ex-

* As this is the person with whom Lord Minto was accused in the British Parliament of having held friendly intercourse, I must say a few words regarding him. Angelo Brunetti is a man about 48 years of age,—jovial, handsome, pleasing,—who received while yet a boy the endearing soubriquet of Ciceruacchio. He was a labourer, who had acquired an independent fortune by his industry in letting carts for hire and selling-hay, and was much beloved by the lower classes for his readiness in assisting those who were in want. During the inundation of 1846 he made himself conspicuous by his courage and charity. On the famous days of 15th and 16th July, he was the leader of the armed multitude, and behaved so well, that Cardinal Ferretti thanked him in the Pope's name. From that moment his influence became immense. All the authorities courted his friendship, and he had more applications for favour and grace than the Governor of Rome himself. He preserved to the last his influence over the people. He is now in exile.

citement was so great, that to allay it, the Pope promised to take a drive through the city next morning. He did so, and although he was received as usual with enthusiastic acclamations, it was evident that he was displeased. The cry was "*Viva Pio Nono!—solo!*"—"Long live Pius the ninth! — alone!"—meaning by this word, "alone!" to exclude the Court from their acclamations. I beg to call attention to this fact, because, in the open war which had now commenced between the liberal party and the Court, the Pope began to side with the latter, and so to lose his popularity.

Now we Romans were earnestly, and—we confess it, we proclaim it,—*determined* to free ourselves from the ignoble yoke of the priesthood. We desired to snatch from the ecclesiastical orders the power which they still retained, and to divest them of their privileges. We were resolved to be no longer the vassals of the priests. To no churchmen except to the Pope would we consent to leave any power in temporal affairs. Was this rebellion?—was it a conspiracy of sectarians?—were we wrong? Let Europe judge between us and our accusers. But in this, Pius the good Prince, misled by Pius the Pontiff, obstinately refused to comply with our wishes. The King claimed the privileges of the Pontiff—the Pontiff withheld what the King would not have refused. On a solemn occasion, he reproached us from the

balcony of the Quirinal with *slandering venerable ecclesiastics*; and when the news arrived that the Neapolitans had expelled the Jesuits from their city, he issued a proclamation in which he menaced us, if we were ever tempted to injure them, “ *with his anger and with the curse of God’s indignation, who would launch His holy vengeance against the assailants of His Anointed.*” We translate literally. So the Prince, unwilling to deprive of its power the caste to which the Pontiff belonged, assumes here the Pontiff’s pretended character as Viceregent of Christ, and, imputing to the blessed Redeemer his own vindictive feelings, menaces his subjects, not with the punishment, but with the REVENGE of God.

From that moment Pius lost all his popularity. His policy became deceitful and hypocritical, and directed only to withhold from us the wished-for reforms. But events proved stronger than his will and the cunning of all his counsellors, who now consisted of the Jesuit party. In the first place, new massacres in Lombardy excited new anger against the assassins. Throughout all Italy, in presence of the authorities, were celebrated solemn funerals, in which prayers for the souls of our slain brethren were mingled with supplications for vengeance upon their murderers. It is impossible to describe the effect produced by these ceremonies, at once religious and national. Then came the news that the unarmed Palermi-

tans, with a valour worthy of their reputation, had, after two days fighting, driven the Neapolitan troops from their town, and proclaimed their freedom. Rome illuminated its streets and shouted for the Sicilians. In Naples, the miscreant Ferdinand, who had resisted all demands for reform, pressed now by circumstances, and desiring an indirect revenge on the three sovereigns who had set the bad example of concession, granted at once a very democratic constitution, hoping to compel the other sovereigns to do the like ; and at the same time, in order to disgrace the first days of liberty, he let loose upon the town all the licence of the *lazzaroni*. He partly succeeded. The Romans, amidst their rejoicings for the happy event, insisted upon having a constitution also. The first man who asked for it was, it is true, thrown into prison ; but next morning, so many thousands made the same demand that the Pope was constrained, though very reluctantly, to nominate a *commission of* CARDINALS *to consider the matter*. He hoped that the delay thus occasioned would give him time to bring forward some measure by which he might avoid the necessity of granting such radical reform. But events of still greater magnitude followed. The French having driven the family of Orleans from the throne, proclaimed a Republic ; and the news occasioned throughout all Europe a relentless agitation. In Rome it was at its height. The

wishes of the people could no longer be repressed. The Pope was obliged to name a new Ministry, in which were two Cardinals, a Prelate, AND SIX LAYMEN; and on the 10th of March 1848, the fundamental law was published by the Pope's own authority and without the knowledge of the Ministry. It will not accord with the restricted plan of this work, to analyze this fundamental law. We can only say, that according to it the supreme authority was vested in the SACRED College of CARDINALS, whilst the two legislative Councils were not permitted to discuss, or "*even to propose any law upon concerns that touch ecclesiastical or mixed matters, or that is contrary to the Canon Law or the discipline of the Church.*"

Now, as the Canon Law in the Roman States enters everywhere, and is opposed to almost all civil institutions, it will be seen that this our Constitution was but a solemn mockery, if not an insult to the expectant public. And how could it have been otherwise? Was it to be expected that Cardinals and Prelates, living in princely luxury, would renounce the privileges and immunities by which that luxury was maintained? Was it to be supposed that a domineering priesthood,—than whom no class of men can be more jealous or tenacious of power,—would divest themselves of their cherished authority, to bestow it upon their natural enemies, and become the equals, perhaps the inferiors, of those whom they had been accustomed

to look upon as their vassals? And yet, had the Court of Rome—had Pius the Ninth—continued faithful to this Constitution, we, for a time—perhaps during the Pope's life—would have remained contented with it, defective as it was. On the promulgation of this fundamental law, all Rome, headed by her Magistrates, repaired to the Quirinal to congratulate and thank the Pope. We never suspected, when we thanked him for it, that Pius was firmly resolved not to observe the Constitution!

And now a still greater idea—a more elevated thought—a nobler longing—made the heart of every Italian beat with holy palpitations. The burning shame that twenty-four millions of souls, united by the ties of race and language, inhabiting a valley surrounded by nature's bulwarks against invasion—lofty mountains and seas—should be trampled upon by a mere handful of strangers,—began to suffuse our faces. Our past glories, when compared with our present ignominy, increased still more our anger and our shame. The miseries endured by our brethren in Lombardy under the iron rule of Radetsky filled us with compassion and indignation, and we vowed to free them or to die. On the 20th of the month arrived the startling news that a revolution had broken out in Milan,—that the Milanese were fighting like heroes—unarmed, unsupported, but animated with the wild courage inspired by de-

spair and the desire of revenge. The Romans sprung up as a single man, and, with arms in their hands, rushed to muster first in the Coliseum, and then under the Pope's windows, demanding to be led to the assistance of their heroic brethren of Milan. To refuse this demand would have been to ruin his throne and the Papacy for ever. It may also have been that at such a moment Mastai felt that he too had an Italian heart which longed for independence. Be this as it may, he addressed the multitude from the balcony, and concluded by raising his hands and eyes to heaven, and exclaiming in an impassioned tone—"Great God! bless then this Italy!" But next day the spark of enthusiasm which he seemed to have caught from the excited multitude was extinguished;—Mastai assumed the tone of the Pontiff, and in a mystifying proclamation, blessed the Italians as "*the first-born of the Catholic Church,*" and as "*the warriors who were going to defend its territory.*" Orders were secretly given to the Chief of the army that on no account should the frontier be crossed. The Ministry in vain represented the danger of this duplicity, and pressed the Pope at least to undeceive the volunteers;—but Pius persisted. We marched from Rome on the 24th of March,—and at this date closes the second Epoch of the Pontificate.

During this brief period, although Pius still partly retained the love of his subjects, yet his

hesitating policy—his opposition to the national wish to expel the Jesuits—his reluctance to admit any layman into his councils—had revealed to the clear-sighted his real nature and true sentiments. He was a priest—nay, the very chief of priests, and anxious above all to maintain the privileges of the priesthood. At this his subjects murmured, and he, unwilling all at once to renounce the applause and benedictions to which he had been accustomed, contrived, with jesuitical cunning, to thwart and oppose their wishes in the very moment in which he seemed to satisfy them. In this continued conflict between the demands of the subject and the will of the Prince, the Court had again incurred the people's hatred, and the Pope's popularity was fast declining. The desire for independence became irresistible. The Lombards and the Venetians rose in arms,—the rest of Italy, with or without the consent of its rulers, hurried to their assistance. Oh! may our sacrifices, and the blood then fruitlessly shed, be placed in the balance of the Eternal, when, on the day of our next struggle, He will weigh the destiny of Italy!

EPOCH III.

THE POPE AN ENEMY TO REFORM.

PAINFUL for the Exile, wishing to show himself grateful to Pius, is the narrative of this third Epoch, in which he will have much blame and little or no praise to bestow on the giver of the amnesty. Yet the Italian may have to fill some pages with the recital of daring and manful exploits—of noble and glorious deeds. He may describe Italy—once the mistress of the world—as she emerges from the Coliseum, casting off her mourning apparel to adorn herself with glittering robes, and rendered still more beautiful by the smile of hope which irradiated her countenance. He may exhibit her sons sacrificing at her feet their municipal rivalries, their fraternal discord, and, like dutiful children, following her to the plains of Lombardy, there to fight the armies of this new tyrannical Barbarossa.—But let us not anticipate events.

As I have said, we left Rome on the 24th of March 1848. We marched on.—How can I convey to the reader a just idea of this glorious period!—how describe the enthusiasm, the eager-

ness, the maddening joy of all classes of citizens to join in this sacred war of independence!

The northern nations, calm in their temper, sober in the manifestation of their passions, can but inadequately conceive how warmly we southerners express our feelings. Wherever we passed, the streets were strewn with flowers—the windows hung with damask and tapestry;—men rushed into the streets to cheer and embrace us—ladies waved their white handkerchiefs from the windows, and sent us kisses and words of eulogium and encouragement;—the church-bells rang out their most joyful peals,—the bands played the national airs,—and above the tramp and noise of the marching troops, above the din of bells and of bands, could be heard, clear and distinct, the names of “Pius!” and “Italy!” Oh! cursed be the traitors who damped our holy enthusiasm!—cursed be those who baffled our efforts, rendered useless the blood we shed, and reconsigned our dear country to the sword of the Vandal—to the mercy of Radetsky! Let their names not perish with them, but go down to posterity that our children may repeat our maledictions!—May God forgive me if my indignation carry me too far.—But let me proceed. When we left Rome, some of us got a cross embroidered upon our breasts, and wished that the holy war of independence should be called a *crusade*. The idea rapidly spread and became universal. Durando,

the General-in-Chief, conceiving that although Pius the Pope might have had grave reasons for the order not to cross the Po, yet that Mastai the Italian was not in his heart averse to the war of independence, put forth a proclamation in which he said, that "as our progenitors had been blessed by Pope Alexander the Third, so we, in this war of independence, were blessed by Pius the Ninth." He said that "the man of God" (the Pope) "having seen Radetsky make war against the Cross, profane the altar, and violate the ashes of our fathers, had blessed our swords;"—that "this war of civilization against barbarism was not only national, but eminently Christian, and that therefore the soldiers ought to be decorated with the cross of Christ. *With this, and by this, we shall conquer as did our fathers. Be this our battle-cry,—* GOD WILL IT!"

This proclamation, which came from the pen of Massino d' Asseglio, decided us;—the cross was adopted as our badge, and we assumed the title of Crusaders. But the Pope was much displeased that it should be said that he approved of this war, and was above all annoyed that the General should have given it to be understood that he spoke in his name. He wanted to disown him. In vain did the Ministers endeavour to pacify him. The Official Gazette of the next day, not only without the consent, but against the will of the Ministry, contained the following para-

graph:—"An order of the day, dated Bologna, April 5th, expresses to the army certain ideas and sentiments as if they had come from the mouth of his Holiness. The Pope, when he wishes to make known his sentiments, speaks *ex se*, and never by the mouth of any subordinate person." This disavowal made some of us more strongly doubt the good faith of the Pope, and our doubts soon became general. They amounted almost to a certainty when, on arriving at Ferrara, we were forbidden to proceed farther. While we remained there inactive, the Austrians, re-enforced and re-animated, gathered on the Isonzo and menaced the Frioli with all the rage of disappointed and vanquished savages. The provinces most exposed to their fury were in the greatest alarm. The Government of Venice sent messenger after messenger to General Durando, imploring him to hasten to the assistance of the unprotected provinces. The writer of these pages, who along with some friends had preceded the army, was himself twice sent to the General, but by no entreaties could he be persuaded to disobey the Pope's express commands, which he said were *more precise every day*. The soldiers began to murmur and at last threatened to revolt. Any attempt to resist the common will would have been madness. Of this the General apprised the Ministers, who repaired to the Pope, represented to him the impropriety of his policy, and the danger to which

he would expose his authority and his throne by persisting in preventing his troops from taking part in the war, and tendering their resignations in case he did persist in it. The Pope refused to accept their resignations, and the only answer he gave was—"Act according to circumstances;" which meant nothing, pledged him to no particular course of action, and left him at liberty to disavow any future resolutions of his Ministers of which he might disapprove. The Ministers, who by this time knew him well, unwilling to undertake any great responsibility, although favourable to the war, answered the General as equivocally as the Pope had answered them:—"In reply," &c. "*the holy Father has deigned to answer me,*" (the minister-at-war), "*that you are authorized to do all that you may judge requisite for the tranquillity of the Pontifical States.*" We crossed the Po, and prepared for action.

But already the heartless and hypocritical Pius, again under the control of the Jesuitical sect, had renewed his alliance with Austria, and, solicitous for the safety of his liege lord, the supporter of his despotism, came to his aid and gave a mortal blow to our holy enterprise. In the Consistory of the 29th of April, whilst the hordes of Nugent were devastating the province of Frioli and putting many of our friends to the sword, he, in an allocution to the Cardinals — (the Pope's most solemn form of addressing the Catholic world) —

disavowed any intention of waging war with Austria; and after condemning the insubordination of his subjects, whom he had not the power to control, calling, as usual, his holy ministry to his aid, and speaking as the vicegerent of Christ, he said—“ *We reach to and embrace all kindreds, peoples, and nations, with equal solicitude of paternal affection.*” Ah, merciful father! was it then thy *embraces* which destroyed so many hundreds of thy sons under the walls of Rome? Is it thy *paternal affection* which at this moment keeps twenty thousand other sons in horrid dungeons, deprived of fresh air, and with just food enough to prolong their agonies and thy insulting joy? Is it thy *paternal love* that condemns thousands on thousands of thy children to endless exile,—to wander unfriended, unprotected in foreign and distant lands, where they hardly ever hear of their fatherland where thou tyrannizest? Oh worthy friend of Ferdinand of Naples! profane no longer the name of the Almighty!—cease to call thyself His representative, but take at once the only name which posterity will accord thee,—that of—“ TYRANT.”

To proceed. This allocution excited in Rome a most violent tumult. The rage of the populace broke out in curses and imprecations upon the priests, those traitors to Italy and her good name. For the first time was the Pope himself openly included in their maledictions. Upon the same day,

as if by general consent, his pictures and busts were everywhere ignominiously torn and smashed. The people of his household were shunned or insulted—his few partizans hooted in the streets. The more respectable citizens resolved to take the administration out of the hands which had blessed the enemies of Italy, and to nominate a Provisional Government. The Ministers resigned. They, more than any one, complained of the Pope's duplicity, and of *his* mode of governing *constitutionally*. It was indeed an extraordinary kind of government. Of the fundamental law, concocted by the holy Cardinals, the Ministers knew nothing till the morning when it was affixed to the walls in the streets. Since the grant of the Constitution the Ministers had issued scarcely a single proclamation, or enacted a single ordinance, which, although approved of by the Pope at the time, had not been afterwards contradicted and censured by an edict of his own, of which the Ministers were utterly ignorant till after its publication. In the present instance they had to complain of deep duplicity—of conduct almost treasonable. As a rumour had been afloat that in the Consistory the Pope intended to speak openly in favour of Austria, the Ministers besought him to consider well before taking such a perilous step. The Pope tried to reassure them by merely saying that he would speak "only to tranquillize the Catholic world." None of the Ministers—at least none of the *lay* Ministers—

knew what Pius was about to say. The allocution was printed secretly during the night of the 28th. And here we must pause to admire the—to avoid offence, we shall say—the simplicity of Dr. Farini, when he gravely affirms that Cardinal Antonelli was most firm in supporting the war, and knew nothing about the printing of the allocution; when it is now publicly ascertained that he even had a hand in the concoction of it. Where have you been brought up, Dr. Farini? Have you never met with a Jesuit, that you have such difficulty in recognising him?

The Pope, frightened by such unanimity in condemning his allocution—bewildered by the news that in the provinces the uproar was still greater—horried at the idea of most of the Cardinals and Prelates being massacred by the enraged citizens, thought to calm the turmoil by a new proclamation, which he published on the 1st of May. He intended to soothe the people, but the proclamation was so full of the idea of his own paramount importance, that it seemed as if his subjects—degraded vassals!—had hardly a right to breathe the same air with him, and even ought humbly to thank him for permission to do so. It spoke of the benefits he had showered upon the Romans, and of their ingratitude; menaced them with the “*spiritual power that He (God) had given him,*” and ended thus.—“*Let all know, once for all, that we are conscious*

of the greatness of our office and the efficacy of our power." Hildebrand himself would hardly have spoken thus. This proclamation incensed the Romans still more, and, but for the interposition of the popular leaders, Rome would have been stained with blood. A new Ministry, which contained only one churchman, as Cardinal for foreign ecclesiastical affairs, and which took the name of its head, Mamiani, partly calmed the excitement.

When the allocution reached the army, it created, as the cunning priests had anticipated, much uneasiness. Not that any one was disinclined to fight contrary to the Pope's will or with the Pope's curse suspended over his head, but many were afraid of taking part in a war in which they could not expect to be treated by the enemy as honourable soldiers; for since their sovereign had disavowed them, they would of course be considered as mere marauders and brigands. The friends of Austria and of the Jesuits, of whom many were among us for the purpose, spread discontent through our young battalions. Youths who had left the paternal abode under the auspices of Pius, blessed by their mothers after the benediction of the Pontiff, were now called home by their anxious parents. Some returned—some remained as spectators merely. The true patriots tore down the Pontifical colours, and erected those of Italy. The discipline of the army, forbidden by its sovereign to fight, was necessarily slack-

ened, and the confusion became indescribable. Add to this, that in the first two or three encounters our bravery was overwhelmed by the number and discipline of the enemy's veterans—which of course augmented our want of discipline—and it will easily be perceived that the efficiency of twelve thousand men, who had marched as a single man, must have been much diminished;—and this we owed to Pius. But evils worse than this to the Italian cause were yet to be the result of the Pope's allocution and change of policy. The Tyrant of Naples, obliged for a time to yield to the popular will, and to counterfeit the liberal, was impatient to resume his natural character, and take revenge for the people's demand for liberty. Impelled by the same circumstances which forced him to grant the Constitution, he soon afterwards sent twenty thousand troops to assist in the war of independence. This was to him a most excruciating trial. The moment that Pius set him the example, and when he was sure of the Pope's support—(it is said, even by the Pope's advice, but this I cannot certify, although subsequent events render it extremely probable)—Ferdinand recalled his troops and bombarded without mercy his own town of Naples, whose inhabitants had been provoked by his misgovernment to raise some unconstitutional cry. The city was drowned in blood. The recalled soldiers, partly because menaced in the members of their families whom

the tyrant had made answerable for their fidelity, and partly because they preferred their favourite macaroni and slavery to the chance of an Austrian bullet and liberty, obeyed their king. Pepe, that veteran champion of Italian independence, a few chosen officers, and some hundred men, were all that remained to share the perils and the glories of their brother Italians;—and bravely did they fight. All the rest went to exercise their valour on the unfortunate inhabitants of Calabria, or on the best citizens of Naples.—Worthy champions of such a Prince! Even to-day they boast of their victories, and have shown your Honourable Mr. Gladstone as trophies, the chained Poerio, Porcari, Dragonetti, and thousands more.

Our enemies made use of the Pope's allocution as a brand of discord and discouragement even in the camp of the Piedmontese. This was the work of some of the noblemen composing the staff, the greater part of whom were pupils and supporters of the Jesuits, and consequently adverse to the war. The soldiers were, it is true, faithful to their king and to Italy, but they had now partly lost that moral courage—that "*pos-sunt quia posse videntur*," which is the first condition of victory.

All these events, taken together, proved the ruin of our country. Nevertheless we fought with undaunted courage. Often we conquered, and when defeated, we did not fall ingloriously.

At Curtadona six thousand patriots, mostly Tuscan students, headed by their professors, fought intrepidly for six hours against fourteen thousand of Radetski's best troops; and if the explosion of a caisson of ammunition had not spread consternation and death among these heroes, they would have kept their ground until assistance had arrived. At Treviso and Corunda, the Romans proved themselves not unworthy of liberty, and showed how willingly they could shed their blood in the cause of independence. At Vicenza we earned the praises of our enemies themselves, who could not help admiring the invincible courage of some battalions of unpractised young men, who, backed only by some two thousand Swiss, withstood for twenty-four hours the tried valour of twenty-four thousand of the most experienced troops in Europe. The Piedmontese rendered their name immortal at Goito, and took possession of the fortress of Peschiera. Italy had her day of glory; the remembrance of which consoled us during the miseries which followed, and is yet cherished as a pledge for the future. But the star of Italy now began to be obscured by dark clouds of discord, defeat, and disappointment.

But why should I dwell on our past miseries? Why speak of villages in flames, and their inhabitants savagely slaughtered merely for having thirsted for freedom—of noble women receiving on their naked shoulders the scourge of Radetski,—

of the atrocities committed at Milan, or of the butchery of the wretched inhabitants of Brescia by——alas! what epithet can be found for him! —by Haynau? No! I shall not mendicate your pity. Although the sympathy of noble and generous souls falls sweetly on the hearts of the unfortunate, I will not try to wring from you a single tear of compassion. We would not refuse your sympathy, but we desire still more,—that you should render us justice. We have been wrongly accused by the supporters of tyranny and despotism—(and they always take the part of the Pope and the Jesuits)—of being discontented rebellious men, ungrateful to such a noble and generous Prince as Pius;—and we have been thus trampled upon even after our fall! They have with shameless effrontery chaunted the praises of the successful oppressors, and loaded the fallen victims with maledictions. Ah! because we do not choose to be immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition,—to be chained at Ischia like Poërio,—or to pass our lives as did Pellico and Gonfallonieri at Spilberg, are we to be branded as incendiary revolutionists? Because we cannot endure to see our soil trodden by the stranger, our daughters polluted, our sons dragged into foreign lands to serve our masters, and our money go to buy the iron that shall chain us,—are we to be called subversive malcontents? What would be thought of the *Englishman* who should remain

quiet and peacable while a Russian army held the greater part of his country in subjection? Ah! you shudder at the bare idea of a foreign power domineering over *you*,—and yet we are called revolutionary because we are willing to purchase our country's freedom with our lives. Away, ye insulters of the noble and the unfortunate! We appeal from your party-judgment to the generous and impartial,—from your principles of selfish expediency to the eternal law of morality and justice,—from man to God, before whom all nations are equal, and with whom what would be heroism in London cannot be rebellion in Rome. Our accusers shall not discourage us. Our faith is not in them, but in the justice of our cause—in ourselves—in God!—God, who, when invoked, is always with the oppressed!

And here I beg to be permitted to give a short and true account of the state of affairs in the Pope's dominions, in order that our actions and conduct may be the better appreciated. What I relate is the strict truth, without exaggeration or embellishment. You Englishmen, who live in this happy land of liberty, feel a sort of horror at the bare idea of revolution. And certainly no punishment would be too severe for the man who should propose having recourse, in a country governed like yours, to this last resource of a down-trodden people. But unfortunately all countries are not so well governed. Look, for example, at the Roman

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States,—my own unhappy land. There a man may be imprisoned by any one of at least five different authorities, perhaps without even knowing why. Does he eat a cutlet instead of a mackarel on a Friday?—the curate, or the rural vicar (*vicario faraneo*), may, and in the small towns does, send him to prison. Does he miss going to the confessional at Easter?—his name is posted up outside the church door, and the parson may, and often does, send him to prison. Does he take a fancy to read a book which the priests have declared he ought not to read?—he may be imprisoned, and generally is, either by the parson, the vicar, or the Inquisition. Does he love, and design to marry?—if any of these reverend gentlemen happen to be smitten with the bright eyes of his intended, he is forbidden to visit her, on the pretence that it might raise a scandal; and should he disobey, he may be, and is, thrown into prison. Does an unfaithful wife obtain the favour of the curate or the vicar?—the aggrieved husband must keep the dishonoured creature under his roof, if they so will it; and if without their authority he separates himself from her, he is sent off to prison, while she remains mistress of his household. For all these, and many other causes, a man may be sent to the ecclesiastical prison by the church authorities, and this without being interrogated, without knowing either accuser or witnesses, and often ignorant of the nature of the accusation. The civil authorities also, which

are numerous, from the Brigadier of the Carabinieri to the Delegato, may, and do, incarcerate much in the same way, and for the same and other similar offences. For a description of the prisons and forms of procedure observed in the courts, I beg to refer to Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, with this observation, that in the Church courts the accused has not even the consolation of having a trial, no matter how irregular,—that his friends may never learn to which of the many dungeons he has been sent to pine away his miserable life—nor what his crime was.

We have not, strictly speaking, any criminal code, but are governed by edicts and proclamations, some of them (will it be believed?) as old as the times of the Emperors. Of course, every possible offence and crime is mentioned in these edicts;—as for the punishment, that depends entirely on the person who passes sentence. Every edict and proclamation, including both those proceeding from the higher authorities, which apply to the whole State, and those made by any petty governor for his own district, after fixing for a specified crime a specific punishment, ends thus—“*ed altre maggiori pene, secondo il nostro arbitrio;*” (“*and other greater punishments according to our free will.*”)

In criminal matters the civil judge has no jurisdiction whatever over any person connected either directly or indirectly with the Church. Thus not

only priests, monks, nuns, &c., but even the young urchin who has assumed the sacerdotal garb, and received what they call the first order, are all protected from the lay tribunals. I may here mention that in Italy, children destined by their parents for the church are clothed in the priest's habit when only six or seven years old, and these, after having been once, I should say, consecrated, and entered in the first order, provided they fulfil certain easy conditions, are ever after entitled to the privilege of Churchmen, even should they become soldiers. "*Semel abbas, semper abbas*," is their motto. But this is not all. The very servants of a Bishop, Prelate, or Cardinal, and even their servants' wives, are not amenable to the lay tribunals. They may insult, rob, and murder, but no one except the Bishop has power to punish them.

In civil matters, besides these privileged persons, all widows, orphans, and charitable institutions, are also under ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and in all their litigations have the privilege of bringing their opponents before their own exclusive courts of judicature. It would require volumes to convey an adequate idea of the intricate organization and cumbrous forms observed in these tribunals. Suffice it to say, that all the cavillous and interminable proceedings of your Chancery Court are, when compared with even the lowest of the tribunals of Rome, a model of clear and expeditious procedure. And besides all this, we Romans

are blessed with an "*Uditore Santissimo*,"* an official who, while an unhappy litigant is congratulating himself on seeing at last his case decided, and the suit at an end, grants his adversary a rescript, which compels him again to undergo the same ordeal. Add to this, that all the judges of the higher courts are priests, utterly ignorant of law, or of the management of public affairs, and even then a stranger can have but a faint idea of the way in which we are governed, or rather misgoverned. Now I ask any dispassionate Englishman whether, if he lived in a country like ours, he would, or would not, be a revolutionist?—which means,—would he, or would he not, attempt to amend his lot by the only means left to him?

And now to return to our subject, and to Rome. We have said that the formation of a popular Ministry averted for the moment any violent outbreak. Not that the people were pacified: they only paused before proceeding to extremities, because they had some confidence in the new Ministers, who (all laymen except the Cardinal-Secretary for foreign ecclesiastical affairs) were, without exception, more or less anxious to prosecute the war of independence. The Pope, however, made it his chief business to thwart all the ministerial plans. He

* Everything that appertains to the Pope, including even his dinner, his carriage, and his horses, is called *santissimo*,—most holy.

considered the lay ministers as intruders into his government, whom he neither could nor would trust. Mamiani, their head, was, more than any of them, obnoxious to him. I will say why.

Count Terenzio Mamiani della Rovere belonged to an ancient and noble family,—the same from which sprung the famous Julius II. About fifty-five years of age, courteous and amiable, he possesses a character for uprightness and integrity, with which few will bear comparison. He is also one of our best living poets and philosophers. He was one of the exiles of 1831, and although eager for Italian independence, is a staunch supporter of constitutional monarchy. When the republican form of government was proposed at Rome, he was the only one who spoke openly against it. He was by no means a demagogue, but was nevertheless in high favour with the people, because he was known to be adverse to the possession of political power by the priests, and the tendency to deprive them of it was apparent in all his plans. This rendered him hateful to the Pope

All the other Ministers, except Galletti, professed the same moderate opinions as their leader; and had the Pope relied upon them, and been content to govern constitutionally, he might have averted many bitter woes both from himself and from his unfortunate country. But the heart of Pius was with his priests alone. The laymen by whom he pretended to govern, he regarded as almost sacri-

legious intruders, and kept them only as a shield to protect himself and his caste from the popular fury. Having been forced to grant the Constitution, the Pope never intended to observe it,—nor did he. There were at the same time two governments;—one *de jure*, and another *de facto*. The former—the Ministerial—represented at this time the great majority of the people;—the latter—the Pope’s—was entirely in the interest of the privileged class. And while, to avoid a collision, the Ministers did not publicly oppose the Pope’s acts, he hardly let pass a single ministerial measure without unscrupulously either directly annulling it, or rendering it of no effect by another of his own. The Pope had his own agents, his own secret police, which was more active and dexterous than that of the Ministers. All the Pontifical Representatives at foreign courts were Churchmen, and in absolute dependence on the Pope. Many of the provinces also were still ruled by ecclesiastical governors and legates. Almost all the inferior public officers were men who had served during the past reign, and who were consequently more inclined to obey the Pope than the law or the Ministers. These men, accustomed only to a passive obedience to the will of an absolute master, understood neither that word “*law*” nor the real nature of constitutional government; and many of them would have thought themselves little better than traitors had they obeyed the legal orders of the Ministers in preference to the

Pope's arbitrary commands. Hear rather Dr. Farini himself. After censuring the conduct of the Pope as unconstitutional in acting apart from his Ministers, the Doctor tells us that when he himself was sent as the Pope's Envoy to King Charles Albert, he stopped on his way at Bologna to fulfil a ministerial commission, and sent an account of it,—not to the Ministers, but to the Pope,—in a letter to be delivered by a **TRUSTY MESSENGER**. He himself tells this with a charming candour.

The conduct of the Pope henceforward became nothing but a series of schemes to deceive his subjects. His position was critical, but he trusted in the Jesuitical art, and the notoriously barefaced impudence of priestcraft, to bring him safely out of it. He was now resolved to recall every concession, to punish his subjects for their arrogance, and to resume the despotic authority so dear to the priest. Now to do this he required the help of Austria he did not at this time even dream of having the French for *sbirri*;) but Austria was not as yet in a condition to come to her vassal's aid. Knowing that all his Cardinals and Churchmen, and perhaps himself, would not be safe from the fury of the people if his intentions came to be suspected, he disguised them as much as he could. And as the passion to get rid of the Austrians was at that time so prevalent among all the Italians that the people were speaking of going *en masse* towards Lombardy,—and as the Pope could not

retain the people's affection by humouring their wish since he had solemnly declared that he would not make war with Austria,—so now he tried to dupe the Italians with pieces of Jesuitical craft, and he almost succeeded! As the generality of people would have been delighted to find Pius an honest and patriotic man, many believed, and still believe, in the sincerity of these acts, which were nothing else but gross deceptions. Hear again the good Dr. Farini:—"A particular person, belonging to the Ministry, conceived the idea that, as the Pope in his allocution had intimated his love of peace, he might offer himself to mediate a peace founded on the reassertion of Italian freedom, and that for that purpose he ought to repair to Milan forthwith, . . . Pius IX. was not displeased with the idea, and made no objections except as to the mode of giving effect to it; wishing that Signor Piazzoni, representative of the Provisional Government of Milan, should forthwith be spoken to on the subject." (To get a passport signed, I suppose.) "The night was half over, and when persons went in search of him he was in bed. When he had heard what was the notion of his visitors, which he could very easily divine to be that of the Pope also, inasmuch as they were among the Pope's advisers, he replied in words *broken and equivocal*;" (poor fellow! he was probably sleeping;) "nay more,—not only *broken and equivocal*, but actually discou-

raging." (We quote Mr. Gladstone's translation.) Was it not a pity that such a grand and noble idea could not be carried into execution because of the insurmountable obstacle of the sleepy Mr. Piazzoni's broken answer? But this was not the Pope's fault. His courtiers praised him to the skies, and next morning all Rome, the State, and Italy, knew that it was Pius's noble project to repair to Milan and obtain by peaceful means the Italian independence, and that he would have executed it *but for the insensate opposition of the Milanese*. Still this produced little effect, and after a time the absurdity of the statement became manifest to every one,—Dr. Farini, perhaps, excepted. Then the Pope, who could not possibly *go to Milan*, wrote to the Emperor of Austria a very patriotic letter, requesting him to "*withdraw his arms from a contest which, without any possibility of again subduing to his Empire the spirit of the Lombards and Venetians, draws with it the fatal series of calamities that are wont to attend on war.*" This letter was sent by the Pope to Charles Albert,—by Cardinal Antonelli to Dr. Farini, then at the King's camp,—and many copies of it were circulated through Rome: so communicative had these gentlemen become. Mamiani, I should suppose, did not believe in the sincerity of the Pope's intentions, but thought that it would be better to restore to him some popularity,—to work on his love of applause, and to feign to take him at his

word. He therefore praised the letter publicly, and conveyed in an address to the Pope the thanks of the Ministers for it. Unfortunately, about the same time was intercepted a letter, written in cypher, from Cardinal Soglia, the President of the Ministry, forbidding diplomatic agents to pay any attention to the Ministers' orders, or to what the Pope was constrained to say in public. (What a pity it was that such a letter should have fallen into the hands of Mazzini!) This was rather a severe blow to the people's confidence in the Pope's good faith; still the courtiers were not discouraged by it. The Pope, Dr. Farini tells us, "*had the idea of dispatching to the Emperor two envoys, one clerical and the other lay, who might labour with effect in mediating a peace for Italy, according to the tenor of the letter; but he was not seconded as he ought to be, because no layman was to be found who would accept the honourable charge.*" So the noble-minded Pope was reduced to the sad necessity of sending only a prelate,—Monsignor Morichini! Why, how can we ever hope to mend our sad lot, since no *layman* could be induced to go to Vienna to obtain, through the Pope's mediation, a most glorious and honourable peace, based on Italian independence! How was this? Why did not *you* go, Dr. Farini? But, God help me! I do you injustice. You may write history in your own particular way,—you may "*never cease to retain a grateful recollection of the confidence with which*

the Pope honoured you ;"—yet you are an Italian, as ready, I believe, as we are, to shed your blood for your country's independence, and, of course, they could not have accepted you as the Envoy.

Meanwhile, the first act of Prince Doria, the Minister-at-War, was to order the formation of a reserve of six thousand men, *for the exigencies of the national cause*. The Pope, bold as he was, would not have dared directly to oppose this ordinance; but in order to show the people that he was not better disposed than before toward the national cause, he imprisoned his own nephew,* who was among us fighting against the Austrians.

Now the 5th of June, the day fixed for the opening of our first Parliament, was fast approaching. Rome awaited the event with the greatest impatience, because on the resolutions of the deputies depended, in a great measure, the destiny of the Roman State, and, in part, that of the war of independence. Many honest and sincere persons thought, that if the Parliament backed the Ministers in their wish to

* Colonel Giraldi, a son of the Pope's sister, and Ercole Mastai, the second son of his brother, were among the crusaders,—the first justly esteemed for his personal qualities; the second a young man rather eccentric, and held in no great consideration. We made the most of these two names, and proclaimed to the world that the Pope had sent two of his nephews to the war of independence. Pius deprived Giraldi of his command; and as Ercole was on his way to Ancona, on a pretended mission, he was seized by the Carabinieri, and, by the Pope's order, thrown into the state-prison of S. Leo.

carry on the war, the Pope would perhaps relent, and rejoin the liberal party. Rome was preparing to celebrate, with extraordinary pomp, the dawn of her civil life—the first day of her parliamentary existence. Mamiani, commissioned by his colleagues, drew up the speech from the throne. The Pope, to whom it was submitted for approval, directed some modifications to be made in it; yet even after Mamiani had complied with this desire, he refused to adopt it. Another speech was written, either by Pius himself or his courtiers, and sent to the Ministers along with the new organic law upon the press. The Ministers were required to read the speech to the Parliament, whether they approved of it or not, and to promulgate the law on the press, which, without even their knowledge, had been drawn up by the master of the sacred Palace,—a Dominican Friar and an Inquisitor. Let me now say a few words about this law. It enacted that any one might, without previous authorization, print a work upon any subject, except “*any writings or articles which might concern the Holy Scriptures, sacred theology, ethics, philosophy, and generally everything connected with religion and morality.*” To publish such writings, you were obliged to obtain a previous permission from several ecclesiastical authorities;—among others, from the Inquisition. The Ministers (unreasonable men!) refused to promulgate the law, and the Pope did it by his own authority. As for the

speech which was sent to them on the morning of the 4th of June, the Ministers repaired to the Quirinal, and respectfully declined to read it. The Pope was greatly shocked at what he called their insolence, made use of rude expressions, and even muttered (it will hardly be believed) the word "traitors." A Cardinal (Altieri), in the name of the Pope, opened the Parliament with a few insignificant words.

I will not annoy my readers with the recital of all the hypocritical acts, planned with Jesuitical craft, by which Pius contrived to delude the people and to oppose the ministerial policy. But the Ministers nobly stood their ground; and the Romans perceiving that their liberal and popular measures were counteracted by the Pope, became highly incensed, and made their menaces heard. The bad news from the seat of war tended to exasperate still more the already excited populace. Some Deputies proposed that the Parliament should declare the country in danger, and that a levy *en masse* should be raised to retrieve the losses in the war.

But while much precious time was wasted in Rome in those disputes, the Austrians were fast advancing towards the Roman States. The town of Bologna, which was the first exposed to attack, was in the greatest consternation, and rose in tumult. All the troops were in an instant under arms;—all the authorities, with the military commanders of the troops in the town, assembled in the government

palace. After a tumultuous discussion, on the proposition of the author a committee of public defence was named, with full power to provide for the safety of the State. Should the Ministry not approve of the committee, they were empowered to act by their own authority and independently of Rome. The writer of these pages, as Secretary of the committee, was dispatched to Rome to the Ministers. Mamiani, in an official note which he remitted to me for the committee, approved and encouraged our solicitude. And he told me privately that he would not oppose any measures we might resort to, to defend our country. I render this justice to Mamiani the more willingly, as he is most adverse to our party. When in Rome, I visited Count Joseph, who resided in a modest apartment of the Quirinal. He received me courteously, but not with the same cordiality as in former times. We spoke about our public affairs. I complained of the Pope's conduct;—he defended it. He desired to convince me that his brother was the same liberal man as ever. "But I had advised you," said he, "to respect religion, if you would have him for your friend." And when I asked him in what it was that we had shown disrespect to religion, he answered me with great seriousness—"You have driven the Jesuits from Rome and deprived the ecclesiastics of all authority; for which, however, you have incurred the general disapprobation." These words speak volumes in showing

the Pope's mind. I could not help remarking the change of sentiment which had been wrought in this high-minded gentlemen, only two years before one of the fiercest opponents of the Jesuits and of the temporal authority of the priests. I have no reason to doubt his sincerity—so contagious are the sentiments of those among whom we live. Strange it is, though true, that the examples of history are generally lost upon those in power. Their courtiers and sycophants, misrepresenting whatever may offend, and exaggerating whatever is sure to please, furnish them with false grounds on which to base their conduct. These remarks apply as well to party-leaders and conspirators as to princes. How many rulers have been dragged from the throne, and executed or murdered by those very same persons whom their flatterers had represented, but the previous night, as the most loyal and affectionate of subjects. I then left Count Joseph firmly convinced that the Pope's policy was approved by all, except a very few restless malcontents.

At Bologna, our committee (named BEFORE, and not, as stated by Dr. Farini, after the attack upon the town) had neither time nor means, during its ten days' existence, to provide any effective defence. Welden, with an imposing military force, was marching towards the town, which was in the greatest consternation. A council of war was held, at which Latour, the General of the Swiss, declared his determination to adhere strictly to the terms of

the capitulation of Vicenza, which bound him not to fight against the Austrians for three months. He accordingly departed with all his artillery and two thousand men. This of itself was a sufficient discouragement. But now the municipal authorities, with Senator Zucchini at their head, insisted that, as resistance would be useless, the town should avoid the possibility of being sacked, by yielding at once. The Staff of the National Guard were strongly opposed to the idea of defence, and on the morning of the 3d of August, the different small bodies of volunteers which were in the town left it; — the Austrians entered on the 4th. The Ministers in Rome protested; and the Pope joined in their protest, either fearing that this invasion might drive the Romans to extremities, or else displeased that Radetski had, contrary to his promise, interfered unasked. But the Bolognese, who, like all other people in the world, think differently from supreme magistrates and general staffs, and who little relish protests and diplomatic craft, were preparing the only protest worthy of brave men. On the afternoon of the 8th, a few of the citizens being exasperated by the insults and supercilious behaviour of their uncivilized invaders, a fray ensued. The Austrians opposed the cudgels and stones of these few men with cannon balls and grape-shot. A general fight followed. The people flew to arms and rang the alarum bell. Every one within hearing rushed to the defence of the town. These

insulting barbarians, spite of their bravadoes, their grape-shot, and their cannon, were routed, driven from the town, and pursued, by the almost unarmed citizens.

This glorious exploit re-awakened throughout the State the most lively enthusiasm, and raised the fallen hopes of Italy. We thought for a moment that we might again trust our cause to the decision of arms. But our resources for the struggle were very inadequate. The disgraceful armistice of Salasco had disarmed the Piedmontese army;—that of Naples, long since lost to the Italian cause, was fighting against the inhabitants of Sicily;—the Tuscan forces were never re-organized after the fatal yet glorious day of Curtadona; and the Roman troops were paralyzed by the Pope's opposition to the war. The Austrians were once more the masters of Italy; her petty Princes began to hope again to reign under their masters' protection, to resume their despotism, and to make their subjects pay dearly for the constraint exercised upon them. Retrograde Ministers everywhere replaced liberal ones. The absolutists were in high glee,—the liberals sadly depressed. The aspect of Italy was completely changed.

To return to Rome. On the evening of the 29th of July arrived the false news that the Piedmontese army had obtained a complete victory at Custoza. Rome was intoxicated with joy. As if by enchantment, a sudden illumination dispelled

the darkness of the night and showed the countenances of the citizens beaming with exultation. The bells of the Capitol—Ah!—rang merrily, and the name of “Italy!” was shouted by a hundred thousand persons thronging in the streets. When next morning the truth was known, that instead of gaining a victory our friends had sustained a defeat, the reaction of grief showed itself as a sort of stupefaction paralyzing every feeling,—even the anger of the populace. The Council of Deputies, it is true, were busy about addresses, petitions, and proposals for a thousand inefficacious measures; but the people put no trust in them, and remained silent. The Pope, encouraged by this sort of calm, seized the opportunity of getting rid of that night-mare of his, Mamiani,—and on the 2d of August, by a proclamation of his own, announced that his Ministry was dismissed. This for a day or two greatly relieved Pius, who was persuaded that after the retreat of this arch-traitor all would go on well. Yet there was still left to disturb his rest the Parliament and the new Ministry. The majority of the Deputies had followed Mamiani on the benches of the opposition, and the whole of them were bent on carrying on the war of independence. The new Ministry took its name, and whatever little influence it had, from the old and venerable Fabbri; and Fabbri was too good an Italian—too much Mamiani’s friend and admirer, to consent to illiberal and unnational mea-

tures. Pius was satisfied with neither Parliament nor Ministry. On the 26th of August he prorogued the Parliament to the 15th of November, and on the 16th of September the Official Gazette published the names of another Ministry. Before we proceed, I remark—That in the Fabbri Ministry the Cardinal-President had already resumed the management of the foreign temporal affairs: in this one we find *two* Cardinals. The priests were reviving! The new Ministry were selected by the ill-fated Rossi. It was composed of persons all adverse to Mamiani's policy, and who were held by the people to be the chief of the retrogrades. Leaving the less noted among them, I will speak only of the two most important, Zucchi and Rossi.

Pelegrino Rossi, when nominated a Minister, was about sixty years of age, of middling height and unprepossessing appearance, austere and sententious. No one spoke so elegantly or with such choice phraseology, and that even in the French language. He was married to a Protestant lady, and had two children. He was a man of strict habits and retiring disposition, pleased only with the company of a few chosen friends. Without contradiction he was one of the most learned men of Europe. In politics he was said to be what the French call a *doctrinaire*, but I think he was far more liberal than any of that party. Attached to legality, he was strongly opposed to any sort of popular

licence. But perhaps he relied too exclusively on wisdom and learning alone as pilots to steer the bark of government among the shoals and rocks of revolution. In 1817, persecuted by the priests, he had been obliged to leave Italy. He went to Geneva, where he became Professor of Criminal Law. He afterwards obtained naturalization, and was elected a Deputy. The criminal code now in force at Geneva is almost entirely the result of his labours. Through their mutual friend the Duke de Broglio he became acquainted with Guizot, who appointed him Professor of Political Economy in the College of France, and, successively, Professor of Constitutional Right in the University of Paris, Peer of France, and French Ambassador to Rome. After the overthrow of Louis Philippe he lived as a private citizen in that city, where he received from the Pope the commission to form a new Ministry. It may be, that to render himself acceptable to the Pope, Rossi, naturally eager for power, had promised to be ready to repress with a strong hand some disorders which no doubt existed, but which were inseparable from the state of convulsion which prevailed. But that he should ever have had the idea, as many assert, of destroying every seed of liberty, and of restoring the clerical despotism,—that I will never believe. The people, however, thought so, and were greatly incensed against him.

Zucchi is an old soldier. After the fall of Na-

oleon, he resided in Milan. In the Revolution of 1831 he went into the Romagne, and for a short time had the command of the troops there. They were pursued by the Austrians, and he having left Rimini while his men were fighting, was accused of treason. Captured at sea along with Mamiani and thirty-two others, he was by an Austrian court-martial condemned to death. He was, however, reprieved, but committed for life to the fortress of Palmanova. At the Revolution of 1848 he made himself master of the fortress in which he was a prisoner, and held it afterwards against the Austrians during the war of independence. When named Minister, he was a refugee in Switzerland. He is about seventy years of age—short, rough, and imperious. He has neither the appearance nor the manners of a gentleman. Of only secondary ability as a General, he has no aptitude whatever as a Statesman. An unscrupulous adventurer, with no fixed political opinions, he was ready to serve all parties in turn.

These two persons, who knew so little of the real state of the country, and so very few of its inhabitants, conceived the bold though mad project of restraining and extinguishing, by their own resources alone, a revolution which had hardly begun, and which, like all other revolutions, was destined to pass through its various stages. I do not wonder at the blindness of the soldier, accustomed to find everywhere a passive obedience; but is it not strange

that so clear-sighted a man as Rossi should ever have undertaken such an impossibility? How could he expect to govern, by *his* proclamations, those Romans over whom the once all-powerful voice of Pius the Ninth had ceased to have any control?—upon what moral support could he possibly place reliance, knowing that he was odious both to the liberals as a retrograde, and to the Gregorians as a liberal and a Carbonaro? Yet had he had at his disposal a strong and reliable physical force, he might have succeeded in the attempt. But where could he expect to find such a force? Would the National Guard, which in every contest between the people and the Court had sided with the former, now obey the commands of a hateful Minister?—would the troops of the line, which on the plains of Lombardy had found the breasts of the Romans a friendly rampart against the Austrian bullets, now discharge their muskets against those same breasts at the order of Rossi? As Rossi knew all this, and yet accepted the dangerous charge which was productive of such grave and incalculable consequences—the hastening, perhaps, of the downfall of Popery—we can but meditate on the inscrutable ways of Providence.

So they set about their task. Zucchi, after having bullied the troops which were in Rome,—(and who, by the bye, only laughed at him)—went into the provinces. Rossi published in Rome the programme of his intended policy, written with

such profound knowledge of administrative science as to astonish even his greatest admirers. But while the impartial and dispassionate few were admiring this masterpiece of political doctrine, and the vast and comprehensive projects it announced, and were anxiously waiting to see them carried out, the great mass of the citizens called it an insidious and Jesuitical production, intended only to lull and deceive the people. All the newspapers, excepting the Official Gazette, were pouring abuse on the First Minister. The clubs were threatening, and the people remained quiet only in the hope that at the opening of Parliament the Ministry would be overthrown by an adverse vote. Such was the position of affairs towards the middle of November, when the Parliament was to meet. Various contradictory rumours, such as usually herald great events, were circulating through the town. The people accused the Ministry of meditating a *coup d'état*. The Ministers retorted, and reproached the people with preparing a revolution. Those Carabinieri who had been long in Rome, and who fraternized with the populace, were sent elsewhere, and an imposing number of others called from the provinces in their stead. Rossi paraded them upon the Corso to awe the people, and in a proclamation he assumed a menacing and arrogant tone, which exasperated in the highest degree the people's anger. What mostly maddened the populace with rage, was the intercepted correspondence of Zucchi

with his colleague. Zucchi, as we said, was in the Romagna, boasting of his authority, menacing, commanding—full of insane projects of curbing the liberal spirit of the provinces, and dispersing or imprisoning the patriots. These projects he communicated in a letter to Rossi, promising above all to destroy by grape-shot the column of the brave Garibaldi, if it should linger any longer in the Pope's dominions. This letter was intercepted and published in the *Contemporaneo*. Had Dr. Farini been an impartial historian, he would, when he quoted the *Contemporaneo* of the same day, have reported this correspondence also: which does not, indeed, justify Rossi's murder, but at least accounts for the people's indignation. It may well be imagined what a sensation this produced. This was on the 14th November; the 15th was the day fixed for the re-opening of Parliament,—a day fatal to Rossi, and most bitterly and unjustly laid to our charge. I will not reply to a Cochrane: such writing, and such assertions, are beneath any honest man's notice. The *Times*, the *Débats*, the *Univers*, and similar newspapers, have called us a nation of assassins: I will only ask whether they are serious, and whether they think it fair and honourable to attribute to an entire people the crime of a single individual? Were the French people a gang of assassins because Louvel stabbed the Duke de Berri, and Alibaud attempted the life of Louis Philippe? or are the English become

a nation of ruffians and murderers because Fulton drove his poignard into the heart of Buckingham, and Oxford fired his pistol at Queen Victoria? To you I will not address a word more; but to you, Dr. Farini,—you, an Italian—how could you dishonour yourself and your country by so misrepresenting the facts, and so commenting upon them as to lead your readers to believe that Rossi's death was the deed of the party adverse to yours? Party spirit ought to be silent when the honour of your country is at stake. Our party abhors, perhaps more than yours, the name of an assassin; and when in power, we proved by facts that we are far from wishing to support our doctrines by acts of cruelty and bloodshed.

However, I will relate the event as it happened, without adding to, or omitting a word of the truth. I am quite dispassionate about the affair, and although absent from Rome at the time when it occurred, I learned the facts from hundreds of eye-witnesses. And perhaps my impartiality will be better understood when I say that I was intimately acquainted with, and owe much to *Professor* Rossi, and that, although he was the greatest enemy of our party, I was deeply grieved at his death.

On the 15th of November Rome was in a state of feverish impatience. One said that Rossi would dissolve the Chamber,—another, that Parliament would make a strong demonstration against him. By noon, the usual hour of the sitting, not only

the Place of the Chancery, but also the yard and gallery of the palace in which the Parliament met, were thronged with people of all classes. All the recently arrived Carabinieri were on the spot. The usual battalion of National Guards was stationed in the entrance and interior of the Palace. On the Piazza, smaller or larger groups of persons were to be seen in earnest and passionate conversation, which was shown by the vivacity of gesticulation usual with the southrons in all circumstances, and still more so when excited. Within the House, which was beginning to fill, a similar scene, upon a smaller scale, was enacted. At a quarter past twelve, the carriage of the Minister entered the court-yard, and was received by the multitude with a terrific howl. Rossi descended with an impassive countenance, and with a steady but quick step advanced toward the stairs which led to the upper apartments, where was the entrance-door of the Parliament. A volley of still more violent hisses accompanied him. In answer, he made with his gloves a gesture of defiance, and smiled. A peculiar defect in the conformation of the teeth always gave Rossi's smile an expression of sneering malice. This expression was on the present occasion considered as intentional, and was perhaps his death-warrant. The minds of the people were already exasperated in a high degree. A fanatic—a political Balfour of Burley, I should suppose—maddened perhaps by the Minister's insulting ges-

ture and smile, stabbed him in the throat. The blood sprung from the wound—he raised his hand to staunch it, and would immediately have fallen to the ground but for the support of those near him. Rigetti, who was with him, received the wounded Minister in his arms, and, assisted by the by-standers, carried him into the apartment of Cardinal Gazzali, who lived in the Palace.

On the first announcement of Rossi's being wounded, three or four Deputies who were physicians ran to render him their assistance. But no help, no human skill, could prolong his life many minutes. The steel had severed the carotid artery, and a stream of blood poured from the gash. The unfortunate man was speechless. The pallor of death came over him—his intelligent eyes were closing—his hands already hung inert and motionless. The consternation of the assistants was extreme. Many were present who would have opposed the Minister, but who now mourned the fate of the victim of fanaticism. If a very few shouts of exultation were heard, many were the compassionate words spoken, and not few were the tears shed, at the sad fate of Rossi. The crowd in the court-yard was in the greatest tumult, every one asking his neighbour what was the cause of the disturbance, and who had struck Rossi. The act had been so rapid, that no one had seen either the poignard or the hand that used it.

“*Voi mentite per la gola,*” I should say in Ita-

lian:—in English, You are mistaken, Dr. Farini—you speak not the truth, when you say that Rossi was surrounded “*by persons who, brandishing their cutlasses, loaded him with opprobrium.*” You dare not assert, in the presence of any Roman, that such was the case,—that any arm was seen, or even the fatal poignard,—or that my account is incorrect. I can understand your indignation at the act;—I am as indignant as you; I like not such a Brutus: but when you call him an assassin, try to imagine yourself in the time of revolution when the deed was committed, not in the time of tranquillity in which you write. To say that his death was premeditated and resolved upon by a whole population, or even by a party, is a most atrocious calumny. In politics, as well as in religion, there are always some fanatics—some excited minds which see nothing wrong in any act that may further their designs, and which give the names of virtue and heroism to what is in reality madness and crime. During the Republic which followed, you might have found in Rome more than a dozen fanatic young men, who each boasted privately, and after a merry party publicly, that to him was due the glory of having stabbed Rossi. This surely goes far to prove that no one was privy to the deed, and that the man had no accomplices, else the fact would have been better known at the time.

But there is still more:—How is it that Nardoni's police, who have discovered so many hidden

peccadilloes, have not brought before the tribunals, or at least thrown into prison, any one suspected to be an accomplice in or the perpetrator of Rossi's murder? To say all on this tragical affair, which has occasioned so many recriminations, we must report a rumour which was once current in Rome, and which many still believe, that the murder of Rossi was the work of the Jesuits, perpetrated with the double intention of getting rid of one of their bitterest enemies, and to discredit the liberal party by artfully laying the blame on them. The silence of the police upon the affair seems to give this rumour some consistency. We continue:—

The death of Rossi threw the town into a most extraordinary convulsion. The sitting of Parliament was interrupted. Some of the Ministers fled; the others met in the house one of them (Montanari), to whom the Pope had confided the supreme direction of affairs. But the greatest confusion reigned among them, nor did they know what or whom to command. However, the Carabinieri were ordered to hold themselves in readiness at their barracks. The General of the National Guard and the Senator of Rome were sent for to give their advice. The Quirinal was in the greatest alarm,—the Pope bewildered—the courtiers partly dispersed,—the rest paralyzed by terror;—Joseph himself, the Pope's brother—a soldier, had lost his presence of mind. The Pope sent for some of the Deputies who were still more retrograde

than his Ministry, and begged of them to form a new administration ; but no one, in the existing circumstances, would accept office. This augmented the fears and discouragement of the Court :—yet no real danger hung over *its* head. The citizens, on the contrary, were menaced by the swords and muskets of the Carabinieri and dragoons:—the *people* had some cause for apprehension. Towards evening, they went to the Piazza del Popolo, where are situated the barracks of the Carabinieri. They held out their hands to them in token of peace. The Carabinieri threw themselves into the arms of their brother-citizens, and all together proceeded along the Corso, every soldier leaning on the arm of two of the townspeople. The procession enlarged as it advanced. Thousands of torches, as was then the custom, were suddenly lighted. Every soldier they met was asked to fraternize with the citizens, and he did so. The military shouted, “ Long life to the people ! ”—the citizens replied, “ Long live the soldiers ! ”—and they embraced. The joy was overwhelming. But it is false, Dr. Farini,—it is false that they were rejoicing at the death of Rossi. No ! theirs was a purer joy, a joy almost holy. The Ministers and the Court would have had the soldiery become the murderers of their brethren : they preferred to be the friends of the people and of their country. Rome had escaped a great danger, and its citizens were manifesting their satisfaction.

Yet this multitude committed a great crime. Dr. Farini tells us so, and for once he is right. They drew up a list of Ministers known to be favourable to the Italian cause, and resolved to repair next morning to the Quirinal, humbly to request the Pope to accept their choice. This crime perpetrated, they dispersed. Rome returned to a state of perfect calm. But not so pacific were the intentions of the Court. They would not yield one point, and determined to prevent by force the procession to the Quirinal. The Pope sent for Lentules, a Swiss, at the head of the war department, and asked him whether he could rely on his troops to repel the people's procession next morning. Lentules answered that the soldiery had fraternized with the citizens, whom they intended to accompany next morning to the Quirinal. The Pope asked his advice: Lentules declined to give any. Discouragement and despair now seized upon the Court. They remained either inactive or discussing chimerical and extravagant projects. So they passed the night. Morning dawned and found them in the same situation. No one repaired to the Pope to show his devotion, or to offer a word of consolation; nay, many of the retainers of the Quirinal had left it during the darkness of night:—those only remained who thought the Quirinal their safest refuge! Such are courtiers! As morning advanced, its quiet and solitude were disturbed by a distant and increasing

noise. The people were gathering in different quarters, and, uniting at given rendezvous, approached the Quirinal in procession.

It was about eleven o'clock. The Pope had been advised by his Ministers and the Senator of Rome to send for Galetti and to entrust him with the formation of a liberal and patriotic Ministry.* The Pope consented to receive Galetti, but would not agree to the formation of a liberal Ministry. Vainly Galetti begged and entreated him to yield to the popular wishes, and dwelt long on the incalculable consequences of his refusal. The Pope was obstinate.

By this time the immense Place of the Quirinal, the slope and the streets leading to it, were thronged with people, with whom were mingled a large number of the soldiery. Unarmed, pacific, the countenances of all expressed uncertainty and anxiety, but neither anger nor menace. They sent a deputation to the Pope with the list of those

* Galetti is a distinguished lawyer of Bologna, honest, upright, and respected by every one. The amnesty found him in a dungeon to which he had been condemned for life. At his liberation he was received by Pius the Ninth, pitied and comforted. Galetti always entertained and still cherishes a grateful remembrance of the Pope's kindness. When Pius deserted the cause of Italy, Galetti firmly and frankly opposed his policy. He was elected Deputy, and the popular favour brought him to the Ministry along with Mamiani. He was afterwards General of the Carabinieri and President of the National Assembly.

who would have their confidence as Ministers.* The Pope refused them as he had refused Galletti, who was still present. The deputation withdrew, and Galetti, from the balcony of the Quirinal, told the multitude that the Pope refused to yield to any constraint. Then murmurs and imprecations began to be heard. Menaces followed. The outside doors of the Quirinal were shut;—Swiss sentinels guarded them. The people insulted the Swiss: they repulsed the people with their halberts, whilst those from within fired from the barred windows. Some persons were wounded. A terrific cry of rage shook the very walls of the Quirinal, and carried consternation to the hearts of those within. The people shouted "To arms!" and dispersed in all directions to arm themselves, and return to the assault of the Palace.

At the first rumour of the attack, the diplomatic bodies had repaired to the Quirinal, and were at that moment entreating the Pope to yield. He still refused. The multitude, now armed, began again to fill the Place. When they were in sufficient force, they rushed towards the Palace. The Swiss received them with a volley of musketry. The

* To refute the calumny of those who assert that this movement was planned and directed by the republicans, it is sufficient to say that at the head of the list were the names of Mamiani and Rosmini,—the one well known as most adverse to the republican party,—the other a Catholic priest to whom the Pope had destined the purple.

anger of the people became frenzy : they returned the fire. Ascending the roofs of the surrounding buildings, they then fired into the court-yard, the windows, and gallery of the Palace. A Prelate fell dead in one of the Pope's ante-chambers. The long suppressed hatred of the Romans for the clerical faction was about to burst forth, and those same men who two hours before would have applauded any friendly and liberal word of Pius, and perhaps fallen on their knees at his reproaches, now, casting aside all respect, were resolved to obtain their demands by force, and to take revenge on whomsoever might come in their way. The tumult became more and more menacing. The Palace was besieged. A cannon was pointed against the door; the match was lighted; the roar of the musketry and the imprecations were frightful; the situation of the besieged most critical. The Pope, yielding at last to the entreaties of his courtiers, relented. Galetti, who had not left the Quirinal, was summoned to the Pope's presence. Pius took from his hand the list of proposed Ministers, and read it. He struck out the name of Salicetti, and consented to receive the rest. Galetti hastened to announce that the Pope had accepted a Democratic Ministry. In a moment that vast multitude—excited, angry, exasperated by the fighting and by so many old and new wrongs, became calm and tranquil. They fired their muskets in the air for joy. Had the Pope now shown himself to

them, they would have received him with acclamations:—so generous is the disposition of the people! If sovereigns trusted in them rather than in bayonets and cannon, they would sit much more securely on their tottering thrones. Was this a rebellion?—was this a tumult raised by ungrateful and blood-thirsty subjects? Were these petitioners insurgents when they left their homes?—The simple facts,—namely, that they went *unarmed* to the Quirinal (which even Dr. Farini admits), and that they laid aside at once their anger and their arms the moment their request was complied with, clearly prove that they wished to remain the faithful subjects of Pius the Ninth, provided he would become what he was once thought to be,—a good and reforming Prince. Tell me,—Those hundred thousand Englishmen, who marched to London to petition the House of Lords in favour of the Reform Bill,—were *they* all rebels and insurgents? I insist on these observations, because I wish to prove to the bigoted Catholic that it was not the Romans who longed for a revolution, and drove the Pope from his capital, but that it was the cunning Jesuitical priests, who wished to drive the people to extremities in order to have a pretext for calling in the long-desired intervention, and for putting down, with the help of foreign bayonets, the newly-granted and abhorred reforms. What followed shows this clearly.

As we said, the moment the multitude were in-

formed of the Pope's consent to accept a national Ministry, they departed, chaunting hymns in honour of Italy. Next morning the Parliament sat as usual. Those of the new Ministry who were in Rome issued a manifesto, in which they stated that, with the people's consent, they would carry on the government upon the principles of the programme of the 5th of June, based on Italian independence; and that a Diet should be convoked at Rome to discuss more fully the interests of Italy. This announcement filled the Romans with joy; and two or three days after, scarcely a trace of the turmoil which had so recently kept the city in an uproar was to be found. Pius seemed to acquiesce in what had been done,—had interviews and discussions with his Ministers,—himself appointed Monsignor Muzzarelli, a Prelate, in place of Rosmini who had declined office, and seemed disposed to unite with them and the parliament in pursuing a truly Italian policy. The people evinced the greatest satisfaction;—for the paramount demand of these rebellious and subversive subjects was to have a national and Italian Ministry. But while the Pope was amusing his too credulous councillors with protestations of liberalism, he was, with Madame Spaur, the lady of the Bavarian Minister, planning the means of flight, and meditating the ruin of Rome.

The evening of the 25th of November was dark and cloudy. Rome was profoundly tranquil. Few persons were to be seen in the streets. Only at

intervals was the silence of the night broken by the watchword of the patrols. At the corner of the Via delle Quattro Fontane stood a carriage. At some little distance were lurking several persons, apparently watching for its safety. Every other minute a gentleman leant out of the carriage window, as if impatiently waiting for some one. The coachman, too, often turned on his seat and looked anxiously about. At length a person habited like a priest, approached the carriage with a circumspect demeanour. The door flew open, the priest stepped in and the horses started off at full speed. At the city gate the coachman shouted "Baviera," and was permitted to pass. The carriage rolled onwards by the Via Appia towards Albano. While this mysterious equipage is so rapidly advancing on the road, another is waiting in the middle of the wood between Albano and Gensano. The few passers-by are surprised to see it standing in such a place at such an hour. From the window of *this* carriage it is a *lady* who looks out in anxious expectancy. A wag, observing that she had waited a very long time, cried out—"La belle has come too early to the rendezvous." At last two carabinieri who were patrolling the road, approached and inquired of the lady why she waited.—"I expect my husband and my chaplain," was her answer. They asked her name;—she prudently gave it. They obligingly offered to stay with her as a protection till her husband arrived;—to

avoid suspicion she consented, and descending from the carriage remained with them, still evincing the greatest impatience. At twelve o'clock the other carriage arrived. The person in the priest's dress, on seeing the carabinieri, hesitated to dismount, but the lady relieved his embarrassment by exclaiming—"Well, Count! what a time you have kept me waiting! and you too, Signor Abbate!" added she, patting the priest on the shoulder. The courteous carabinieri assisted the lady and the "Abbate" into the carriage, which immediately dashed away.*

It was not an Abbot. It was the Pope! It was the successor of St. Peter! It was the shepherd who in its greatest need had deserted the flock committed to his care! It was Pius the Ninth,—the *religious* Pius, who had thrown away the pastoral crook that he might resume a tyrannical sceptre! It was Mastai, who once a mild, charitable man, had become a cruel and vindictive despot! It was the sovereign who, unconstrained, unmenaced, had left his Capital with the barbarous hope and purpose of throwing it into the horrors of anarchy and the bloodshed of civil war! So fled Pius the Ninth, and with his flight closes our third Epoch.

If we examine this sad period, we find Pius the Ninth gone back to the fatal traditions of the Pontifical Court, and losing, as quickly as he had

* The author received this account of the Pope's flight from the carabinieri who spoke to the lady.

gained, the greatest popularity recorded in history. Providence had placed him in a position to change the face of Europe and become a blessing to the age. When from his mouth the people had heard words which sounded as if from above, they chose him for their protector. They went back in imagination to those times of ferocity and barbarism when the pastors of Rome stood between the oppressors and the oppressed, and protected the weak from the strong. The godlike accents of mercy and freedom dropped from his lips; and he was really imagined to be the true representative of the Divinity! The very Protestants were shaken in their unbelief, and began to consider whether the religion taught by so virtuous and charitable a man could be so very corrupt and mischievous. They were impatiently awaiting his effecting some reform—his condemnation of some of his Church's grossest abuses and untenable tenets—to return to his sheep-fold, and acknowledge him as the common Father of all Christendom. Let not my reader say "No." to this, because he himself may not have felt a leaning towards Romanism: this was the general sentiment. And had Pius made but one step towards the Protestants, we know not what a single day of enthusiasm might have produced.

But Pius the Ninth was too much a Pope, and too much attached to his privileges. He would willingly accept any concessions, but would himself grant none. He viewed the Papacy with the eyes of

Gregory VII. and Innocent III. He claimed for himself infallibility and omnipotence, and would have all his predecessors considered as infallible likewise. In fact, give the lie to any one Pope, and to but one of his enactments, and Popery loses its prestige of infallibility, of unity, of that continuous tradition which forms the basis of their intolerant and domineering creed. Pius the Ninth was the last man in the world to do this. He pretended to be a reformer, and sided with the liberals so long as the Italians whom Rome had rendered so irreligious thronged the churches to please their Pius. But when they endeavoured to wrest from the priests' hands their temporal power, the Pope, who requires that power to support his religion by the sword, refused to consent; and endangered both his throne and his Popedom in order to maintain the privileges of his caste and its abused power. Infatuated by the applause of Europe, whom he imagined to be acknowledging him as her Supreme Lord, he looked with contempt upon a handful of his more immediate subjects who desired to restrain his temporal power. He was much more inclined to send some Alberoni, Richelieu, or Wolsey—(poor fellow! he had but *the Wiseman* to send)—to govern a foreign country, than to see the power taken from the Cardinals in Rome. And when he came to consider himself, like any former Pope, infallible, impeccable, and representing the Divinity, every opposition—every word of reproach

—every contradiction—was a sacrilege for which no chastisement could be too severe. Hence, in his gentle nature was wrought such a change that posterity will hardly believe that he who gave the Amnesty was also the man who commanded the bombardment of Rome, filled his dungeons with twenty-five thousand of his fellow-creatures, and daily signs the death-warrants of his subjects.

In this sad Epoch, Pius the Ninth enters first into a covert and then into an open war with his subjects, and is longing for the moment in which Austria, freed from her enemies, shall come to his succour, and snatch from the hands of his rebellious lay subjects the power which they have taken from the priests. The Austrians at length are conquerors:—he dismisses Mamiani's Ministry, and gives the greater share of the power to two Cardinals. The Austrian insolence and power increase, and our courage is damped:—he first dismisses his Parliament, and subsequently takes into his councils the men most hateful to the Romans. He foolishly thinks by that means to curb the daring spirit of the Romans, and to restore the priests to their former authority. By this harsh step he sets public opinion at defiance. A fanatic, or a Jesuit, stabs the unfortunate Minister. The Romans, without approving of the murder, accept the fact, and go unarmed as petitioners for an Italian Ministry: the Papal Guards answer by musketry. The people's fury is about to invade

the Palace, and take a dreadful revenge:—a word of compliance disarms them. The city returns to a state of perfect calm:—the Pope treacherously abandons it, in the hope of seeing it the prey of anarchy.

The state of the rest of Italy, bright and hopeful at the beginning of this period, had towards its close become gloomy and disheartening. Yet all hope had not fled from us. The Piedmontese army was recovering from its defeat—a defeat due more to the inexperience or treachery of the general staff, than to its want of valour. The Sicilians held out firmly against the whole power of the Neapolitan tyrant. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, it is true, following the Pope's polity, had on the 7th August declared all his dominions in a state of siege, and had menaced the Tuscans with military commissions and court-martials; but they had resisted, baffled Leopold's efforts, and constrained him to accept a Democratic Ministry. Venice—ah!—Venice was fighting as she fought in the days when she was the only and surest rampart of Europe against the invasion of the ferocious Turk. In the beginning of the war she had made a sacrifice (a noble and difficult one) of her glory, to what she believed to be the welfare of Italy, and had submitted to become a Piedmontese province. But when, by the armistice of Salesco, she was given back to her tyrants of Austria, she refused to submit. She again shouted the name of

“ Republic!”—she again raised the flag of San Marco, and swore to defend it to the last! Nobly did she observe her oath! We were partly vanquished, but not downcast; and our courage and our faith in our destiny were still greater than our misfortunes!

EPOCH IV.

THE POPE BOMBARDING THE REFORMERS.

THE fourth Epoch opens with a threatening and gloomy aspect. The Pope menaces us with his spiritual thunders and with the bayonets of the European despots. Excited by priests, some misguided soldiers attempt to commence a civil war in the streets of Rome. The Austrians are more formidable than ever. Our army is disorganized, our exchequer empty;—the populace of Rome without bread;—the State without a government. Yet the fortitude of the people set at naught the Austrian menaces, and the virtues of the citizens supplied the place of a government. Instead of the name of the Pope, which is now accursed, another name—a glorious—a truly *Roman* name, that of the REPUBLIC—is in the heart and on the lips of every one; and at this name, which awakens new flattering hopes, the star of Italy again shines with its ancient splendour.

The flight of the Pope was immediately followed by that of most of the Prelates and Cardinals, and caused, along with great joy, much apprehension and uneasiness. Peaceable and timid citizens feared

that some great evil was about to fall upon their abandoned city. The priests secretly augmented this fear. Many there were who yet shrunk from the curse of Pius, whom they had regarded as the messenger of heaven. The more considerate and reflecting among the citizens were afraid lest the people should let loose their inveterate hatred against the priesthood, and drench the town with blood.

The patriots, on the other hand, who now assumed the name of Republicans, were dissatisfied with the new Ministers, still governing in the Pope's name. In such a state of affairs both the Parliament and the Municipality of Rome sent a deputation to Portici to entreat the Pope to return to his own capital. Pius the Ninth would not even permit the Deputies to fulfil their mission, and this still more enraged the Republican party, which now increased every day, and which was desirous that the Government should at once renounce all allegiance to the Pope. Yet it still persisted in its moderate policy, governing in the name of Pius the Ninth, and sent to him a second deputation to entreat him to return. This deputation met with as little success as the first. A third diputation, with offers of still greater concessions, was despatched to Gaeta, but Pius still refused to give them an audience. These facts, I repeat, prove very clearly that it was the Pope, not we, who desired a revolution. At last the people, growing impatient and clamorous,

menaced the Ministry if they should persist any longer in acknowledging the Pope's sovereignty. Consequently, on the 14th of December, the Parliament named a Provisional Government, and called to Rome a Constituent Assembly. During this interval,—namely, from the flight of Pius to the nomination of the Provisional Government,—we behold the noble and gratifying spectacle of a people without rulers governing themselves. In fact, it was impossible to call those Ministers a Government who transacted business in the name of a Pope who both publicly and privately called them usurpers, and accused them of all sorts of crimes. Besides this, the secondary authorities were in doubt which to obey—the Prince or the Ministers. Some of the Provinces were still governed by Prelates all devoted to the fugitive Pope; others, on the contrary, were impatient to cast off entirely the clerical yoke. The priests were exciting civil war; monks, priests, and Jesuits frightening the population, and above all the more timid sex, with threats of a thousand different temporal and spiritual punishments. The people, thrown at once from a state of political slavery into a state of uncontrolled liberty, were the real and absolute sovereign. Yet this people, who had many many wrongs to avenge, cannot be reproached with a single criminal act—a single day of tumult—a single transgression. Is not this, as I said, a noble and sublime spectacle?

But we must confess that *two very great crimes*

were committed by the Romans,—and I will relate them in detail, to show the fiendish character of the people and the forgiving nature of the priests.

All the Cardinals and Prelates had unmolested by this time left Rome. One day a jocular fellow passing through the Corso saw exposed in a shop many Cardinal's and Bishop's hats,—(you must know that, just as in Edinburgh the highland bonnet with its plume of feathers occupies a conspicuous place in the hatters' windows, so in Rome the shopkeeper attracts the notice of passengers by a display of richly-fringed Cardinal's hats.) As I said, the merry passenger perceiving the clerical hats, cried out—"What do these hats here?—let us send them to Gaeta by the Tiber." No sooner said than done. In three hours all the shops were denuded of their scarlet glories. The shopmen were offered payment for them; some accepted, but most refused. The people, who had now gathered by thousands, rushed to the banks of the Tiber, and cast upon the waters all those insignia of ecclesiastical vanity. Every one acquainted with the form of a Cardinal's hat may imagine what a comic appearance they made floating on the surface of the river. The flow of the Tiber is not very rapid, so that they moved on slowly and majestically, just as if their Eminences were beneath them. It seemed a grand procession of Cardinals and Prelates, of whom the great crowd prevented more than the tops of their heads being seen. The shouts of

jubilee were deafening. The multitude accompanied this flock of aquatic birds of a new species far on their way down the river, and the boys still farther.

On another day was enacted a scene of an equally amusing but of a more serious and rather illegal character, and productive afterwards of very sad consequences. In a coach-builder's premises there was found by some of the populace a Cardinal's gorgeous carriage. "Let us burn this *Eminentissimo!*" shouted one, and immediately the equipage was dragged by the people into the public Place, and consigned to the flames amidst their huzzas and laughter. On the two or three days following all the Cardinals' coach-houses were broken into, the carriages abstracted and made bonfires of. But alas! the Cardinals having returned, the unfortunate men who had been foremost in this work of destruction were but the other day condemned (incredible!) for *ten, twenty years, and for life, to the galleys*. Had they, along with the carriages, burned their owners, they could hardly have incurred a severer punishment.—So merciful and forgiving are the priests!

The Parliament, then, had been called to Rome for the 6th of February. This "*Constituente*" was to be elected by universal suffrage. The Pope, disappointed in his hope of seeing Rome plunged into anarchy and civil war, and fearing that such moderate and legal proceedings would consolidate

the Provisional Government, and bring to Rome Deputies from whom he had but little to expect, launched a bull of excommunication against whoever should present himself at any of the polling places. But alas! poor Pope! the thunders of the Vatican have lost their power! In thine own dominions where thy Bull was supported by all thy priests, monks, varlets, and sacristans, very few heed the threats of eternal perdition by which thou hast attempted to frighten them. Our population of two millions and a half, of whom three hundred and eighty thousand were electors, went to record their vote, against the Pope's authority, in defiance of his anathema. I let any one judge whether this was not an imposing and solemn condemnation of the Pope's policy; and whether it is not the clearest proof that popery is nearly at an end in Italy.

The election meanwhile proceeded with such exemplary order and tranquillity as might shame nations long accustomed to a Parliamentary life. Now all our hopes—all our thoughts—were bent on the *Constituente*; and not only in Rome, but in all the States of Italy, nothing was talked of but the "*Constituente*." I will explain how this was.

After the disasters of the Italian army, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, following the example of his friend the Pope, had returned to a retrograde and despotic policy. The Livornese resented, and were backed by the rest of the Tuscans. But Livorno was the focus of rebellion, as these gentlemen

choose to call every noisy complaint of the people. The Grand Duke, to calm the Livornese, sent Montanelli as Governor. Montanelli was a Professor at Pisa, a man not without literary talents, of rather a mystical turn of mind, and much beloved by the young men. He went to the war, fought at Curtadona, was wounded and taken prisoner, but returned to Tuscany in August. The Governorship of Livorno was an office for which he was by no means qualified. To calm the people, he incautiously suggested the possibility of convoking a *Costituente*; and when pressed to explain his meaning, he knew not well what to answer. But that word "*Costituente*," thus incidentally dropped, was immediately taken up by the two parties who then divided Italy. Gioberti called to a Congress in Turin, every Italian of any note, to confer regarding a "*Costituente of the Federate States*." The Republicans, on the contrary, spoke of a *Costituente* to be held at Rome, to which all the people of the Peninsula should send representatives who would decide the destinies of Italy on the principle of its unity. Montanelli remained some few days as Governor of Livorno, then became President of the Tuscan Ministry, and was laughed at by his colleagues on account of his "*Costituente*," about which, at that time, no more was spoken. But on the night in which the news arrived in Florence, that the Romans, now masters of their destiny, had proclaimed the *Costituente*, the Tuscans, with

many torches and banners, repaired to the Government Palace, and insisted on sending Deputies to it. Next morning ten thousand people assembled on the Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio, and sent a petition to their Parliament to the same effect. The Parliament, in the impossibility of resisting the popular will, on the following day passed a law in accordance with this petition. So originated the first idea of the "Constituente."

Before returning to Rome, let us finish the sad history of Tuscany. Along with Montanelli, there was forced into the Ministry by the public opinion of Livorno, a certain Guerrazzi—a man equally remarkable for his intelligence and his capability of mischief. He had once or twice suffered a short imprisonment on account of his liberal opinions. He boasted of being a Republican, but his unprincipled conduct rendered him odious to his party; and his only partizans were some scoundrel bankrupts, also calling themselves Republicans. He resided in Livorno, was an admirable writer, a clever lawyer, and a great usurer: forty-seven per cent. was not too high an interest for him. In 1847 he began to agitate, and published a newspaper called "*L'Infernale*;"—and infernal it certainly was. He was elected a Deputy, and became, as we said, a Minister. The simpleton Montanelli, although President of the Council, soon became his tool, and Guerrazzi had all the management of affairs. The Grand Duke, who for a

long time could not be prevailed upon to receive such a man into his councils, liked him afterwards better than Montanelli. Had the popular party been on the decline, Guerrazi would have sided with the despotic Grand Duke against the patriots. As the contrary was the case, he lulled the Duke by his flattery, and, in an underhand way, gave all his support to the liberals.

The Grand Duke, in order to avoid signing the law on the Costituente, left Siena on the 7th of February, and set sail for Gaeta, leaving for his Ministers a letter, in which he said, that "having consulted the Holy Father as to whether he could with a safe conscience subscribe this law, his Holiness had answered him, that by so doing he would incur excommunication; which to avoid, he had left his State." Pious and religious Prince! who, in order not to lose the kingdom of heaven, abandoned his kingdom on earth!

The Tuscans did not, like the Romans, hesitate what course to pursue. On the 8th, before the pious Prince could receive the blessing of the Supreme Pontiff, the Tuscans had declared the throne forfeited, and named a Provisional Government in the persons of Guerrazzi, Montanelli, and Mazzoni, on condition of their adhesion to the Roman Costituente, or, to speak more clearly, of uniting Tuscany with Rome.

Things went on well till the 19th of February, when Guerrazzi, jealous of the popularity of Maz-

zini (who was then on his way to Rome), and unwilling to submit to his ascendancy, turned against the republicans, and joined the moderate party, which was adverse to the union with Rome. This party detested him cordially, and accepted his alliance only to aid them in putting down the republicans, hoping afterwards to get rid of him as soon as he should lose these his sole supporters. Guerrazzi at this time was all-powerful, active, full of energy, capable of working twenty hours a-day, and that for weeks;—all the business of Government was transacted by him, and he was most feared for the evils he might, and often did, inflict. At the opening of the Parliament, some of his partizans, to save the country, offered him the Dictatorship. Like Richard III. and Louis Philippe, he pretended proudly to refuse. At last he accepted, prorogued the Parliament, imprisoned or dispersed the Republicans, sent that good man Montanelli to write elegies in Paris, and became absolute master of Tuscany. But his reign was of short duration. The moment the moderate and aristocratic parties saw him abandoned by his natural supporters, they raised an *émeute* of some peasants, who shouted for the Grand Duke, put down the Republic, and imprisoned Guerrazzi. Then the Austrians entered the State and finished the rest. So ended the Revolution in Tuscany.

We return to Rome, where the Deputies to the *Constituente* are gathering. The most perfect calm

reigned throughout the City and the State. Not a drop of blood had been shed—not a blow struck. The nation awaited with extreme anxiety the decision of the Assembly. They met on the 6th of February. A discussion ensued upon the form of government to be adopted, Mamiani opposed the republican form which was proposed; but all the talents of the illustrious ex-minister—all the eloquence with which he advocated his cause, were lost. On 8th February the Assembly declared the temporal power of the Pope abolished, and the republican form of government adopted, the only dissentients being Mamiani and two others, who thereupon resigned. The Assembly began at once to frame a Constitution, and meanwhile named a Triumvirate composed of Armellini, Salicetti, and Montecchi,—in which this last, one of the noblest and most respected of the patriots, was the sole representative of the Roman Republican party.

Let us now see what is the *Pope's* conduct during this interval. He is at Gaeta—in the arms of Ferdinand of Naples. This hyena adds his voice to those of the Cardinals, to inflame still higher the Pope's sentiments of hatred and revenge towards his subjects. All idea of reconciliation was banished. Pius would not return to Rome except as its absolute master. Vainly did Count Pietro Ferretti, and I believe even his own brother, advise him to adopt a milder course, and come to an amicable understanding. He obstinately refused to listen to them. Obstinacy is the Pope's characteristic. "If he

once says *no*," remarked his brother one day to the author, "nobody can ever make him say *yes*." After having failed to excite a civil war through Generals Zamboni and Zucchi, he begged intervention from every foreign power, but especially from Austria. But Austria could at that time have given him very little assistance. The Hungarians were just then victorious everywhere;—the Piedmontese army was menacing on the banks of the Ticino;—the Venetians had not only defended themselves bravely, but had also attacked the Austrian garrison at Mestre—routed it—made some score of prisoners—and captured several cannon;—the Romans and the Tuscans were all in arms,—so that Austria was obliged to delay her promised intervention. Ferdinand readily offered his army, but Pius well knew how inadequate that would be to replace him on his throne. Spain joined in offering assistance, and later, also France. The Pope was much perplexed as to whether he should accept the help of the French Republic to put down that of Rome, and at first refused. It seems that afterwards he did accept it. England was invited by the other powers to take a part in this most *holy* and *glorious crusade*. She refused,—but she remained inactive and passive while *four* Catholic armies were marching to replace the Pope on his throne. Pius the Ninth, good-natured as he is, to recompense England for her forbearance, sent her Cardinal Wiseman, and is raising money to erect in the centre of her capital a new St. Peter's.

Meanwhile the most violent language, the most furious threats, were daily uttered against the Romans. During their hours of recreation, in the leisure of their royal retreat, the pious and charitable priests amused themselves in devising what punishment should be inflicted upon this beloved son, and what upon that—what tyrannical laws they should enact—to what extent they should exercise their despotic power. The Assembly knew of all the menaces of these incorrigible priests; nevertheless it showed the greatest equanimity and justice towards the entire clergy. A law was passed by which all the property of the monks and nuns was appropriated to the State, but by a special enactment it was provided that all existing monks and nuns should receive pensions during their lives. Until some organic law should decide how these properties were to be disposed of, their respective convents were permitted to administer them. Was not this a most considerate and noble proceeding? It was next enacted that no religious vow should be recognised as legally binding, and that all monks and nuns who chose might leave their convents, and that any one so doing should receive a pension. Was this not equity and the true spirit of religious freedom? Did we thus destroy all religion, or forcibly impose any?

Again, to give the lie to the priests who accused us of atheism,—on Easter-day the Triumvirate,

the Assembly, and all the constituted bodies, went to attend High Mass in St. Peter's: but the Reverend Canons and the other ecclesiastical functionaries whose duty it was to assist in the ceremony, scrupled to attend,—I suppose to avoid such bad company. Next morning the Government decreed that these reverend truants should pay a fine of a hundred crowns each, to the poor. This was the only act of *tyranny* which we exercised on the priests. Was it not singular that a lay Government should fine the Canons of St. Peter's for not attending Mass? But what we were too delicate about, or rather too foolish, was in not at once publishing many of their iniquities connected with religion. Of these we discovered very many proofs,—one in particular, which was irrefragable. When the Dominican Friars, alarmed by a popular tumult, hastily fled from their convent, they left behind, in their hurry, a very precious document which disclosed their practices. This was a volume of autograph letters from many different Prelates, Bishops, and ordinary priests, addressed to the President of the Inquisition. Every one knows that this is the Pope, who however leaves all these affairs to the General Inquisitor,—a Dominican. In almost every one of these letters it was found that the writer had VIOLATED THE SECRETS OF THE CONFESSIONAL,—secrets which they declare so inviolable that one of their own authors (I do not at present remember which) says somewhere, that “**GOD HIMSELF NEVER**

KNOWS WHAT YOU SAY TO YOUR CONFESSOR." And it is worthy of remark, that in almost every instance the secrets revealed in these letters related to political and state affairs, no matter in what country. Many of these letters were written by Irish and English Prelates. And from the whole of these letters it was clearly evident, (which was however well known to us before) that the confessional is nothing but an engine of Police.*

So the Roman Assembly proceeded firmly but justly in their task of reforming the State. The times were becoming rather gloomy;—but it confided in the sanctity of its cause and the energy and patriotism of the people.

On the 22d of February Mazzini arrived in Rome and was received by the people with extraordinary marks of enthusiasm. When he entered the Parliament to take his seat as Deputy, all the Members, as if by common consent, rose and greeted him with the most deafening applause. Some time

* This fact I asserted in another little work published about a year ago, and it has never been contradicted. To those who ask why we did not publish these letters when first discovered, and why we still abstain from doing so, I reply that then we were otherwise too busy, and never anticipated that we should afterwards be prevented by the Pope's return; and that now we are unable, because the precious volume is concealed in Rome, along with some others of a similar nature, and we cannot obtain possession of it till our return thither. Should any Catholic doubt my word, I refer him to Sterbini, Morelli, Montecchi, and many others, all gentlemen of undoubted veracity, at present residing in England or in France.

afterwards, in order that he might have a place in the Triumvirate, the Assembly dismissed the old and appointed a new one, in which was soon afterwards vested the supreme authority. This new Triumvirate was composed of Armellini, Saffi, and Mazzini.

Armellini was one of the ablest advocates in Rome, and perhaps its best jurist. He professed a very moderate liberalism, was chosen a Deputy, became a member of the Provisional Government, and was afterwards named Triumvir. He is a man of about sixty-five years of age, pusillanimous, cautious, and easily moved either by menaces or flattery. He was subservient and courteous equally to those he feared and to those he liked. He undertook the legal department (so to speak) of the Government; and all those debateable points in which learning was requisite were referred to him. As for the rest, he knew little or nothing of the great schemes of his colleagues, and it was often curious to hear Armellini ask a stranger what Mazzini was about to do in such or such a matter. He owed his place in the second triumvirate to the influence of two or three of the republican party, to whom he was entirely subservient.

Saffi is a handsome and elegant young man, aged about thirty;—his conduct does not disgrace his birth, which is noble. He is a native of Forli, and resided there the acknowledged chief of the moderate constitutional party. Modest, re-

served, of unexceptionable moral character, and having many literary acquirements, he was held in great repute in his native town. He was elected a Deputy, became Minister of the Interior under the first Triumvirate, and was the friend rather than the colleague of Mazzini, to whose intelligence and genius he paid a perfect deference. He was active, and very exact in the details of business.

Of Mazzini's character and merits it is needless to speak, so universally are they known. As for his uprightness, it is sufficient to say that even his bitterest enemies have never impeached it. Of his abilities he has himself given proofs enough. He is about forty-five years of age, of middling height, rather thin, of a dark complexion, and has brilliant and piercing black eyes. He is modest and straightforward in his manners, and most frugal in his habits. When Triumvir, he made not the slightest change in his mode of living. He occupied the smallest, most retired, and least comfortable room in the Palace, where even the lowest official had a magnificent apartment. He dined at a restaurant for a shilling, had no servant, and in fact lived neither better nor worse than when he was an exile in London. He has but one fault with which his friends reproach him, and that is too great an inclination to believe every one as conscientious and noble-minded as himself.

Such was the Triumvirate to whose hands our destinies were confided, and nobly did they discharge

the trust. The entire machinery of Government, even down to the meanest office, although founded on principles till then almost unknown in Rome, worked wonderfully well. The State was perfectly tranquil. Our troops, not required in the interior, were disposed upon the frontiers. The Assembly, although not possessing any great knowledge of constitutional legislation, proceeded with praiseworthy patience and assiduity in framing the fundamental laws of our Republic. It was, like every other deliberative body, divided into the moderate and the ultra parties, which, aping French forms, assumed the designations of the left, centre-left, right, centre-right, and centre. A party also called itself "the Mountain."

But while it seemed that in the Capital the genius of Italy was presiding over our young Republic, and calling us to great and generous deeds;—while we thought that all the other peoples of Italy would enlist under our standard, on which we had inscribed, "*Dio e il Popolo*," ("God and the people,")—God as the only fountain of justice—the people as the source of all power;—while the Tuscan, the Sicilian, and the Venetian, were ready to unite their destiny with ours,—a maleficent genius was preparing for us, in the farthest part of Italy, a cruel and severe reverse. The Austrians entered Piedmont, and after some few days, in the fatal and memorable battle of Novara, annihilated the army of the Piedmontese.

It was and still remains a mystery how Radetski, with an army numerically inferior to that opposed to him, should have dared to enter a country, the population of which he knew to be hostile to him; and how the Piedmontese army, after a single battle, in which scarcely so many as a thousand men were put *hors de combat*, should have been so completely disorganized as to abandon the country without further resistance, and give up the fortress of Alessandria, when they had the whole population and the National Guards in arms on their side. Many were accused of treachery. General Romarino was shot by order of a court-martial for having neglected to execute orders. He had been impliedly accused of treason, and declared before his death that "traitors had indeed been concerned in the affair, but not he." It was after that calamitous day of Novara that King Charles Albert abdicated, and went to die in exile on the banks of the Douro; which to-day makes us indulgent judges of his former conduct.

This catastrophe threw Italy into the greatest consternation. The Austrians became more and more insolent, and immediately advanced towards Tuscany and the Roman States. In the smaller villages the priests began to excite the peasants to rebellion. At Ascoli, a province contiguous to the Neapolitan territory, the populace and some smugglers, headed by priests from Gaeta, rose in arms in the Pope's favour, and we were obliged to

send two regiments to suppress the revolt. Disguised emissaries traversed the country in all directions, terrifying the people by announcing the arrival of the Austrian, Neapolitan, and Spanish invaders, telling the peasants that the Republicans were accursed by the Pope, and consequently outlawed, so that their lives were at the mercy of any one. And some of those priestly ministers of Christ were so lost to all sense of the nature of their holy office, as even to distribute poignards among some of their fanatical dupes, telling them that the weapons had been blessed by Pius for the destruction of the Liberals. Now admire here the meekness and forbearance of our Government (for which, however, Mazzini's friends blame him), when I say, that although many of these priests and emissaries were known, yet not a single severe and exemplary punishment was inflicted.

All the energies of the Government were, however, directed against the foreign enemies who threatened us. The most extraordinary efforts were being made to defend ourselves to the last, when a rumour began to circulate, which, though certainly believed by few, filled the country with still greater alarm,—the rumour that we were invaded by a new enemy—one, alas! whom we had been used to regard as a friend. Louis Napoleon, thirsting for empire, perceived the necessity of ingratiating himself with the French priests and Jesuits, whose great influence over the peasantry

might secure his re-election as President, and also of making friends of Austria and Russia, whose opposition he deprecated; and knowing that nothing would tend more to conciliate all these parties than the destruction of our Roman Republic, offered his services for that purpose to the Holy Father. They were at first refused. He insisted, and they were at last accepted, but with the ill grace with which is accorded a favour that cannot be refused.

It is reported on good authority, that, after the French intervention had been accepted, and when the news reached Gaeta that the expedition was on its way, the Pope was at table with his royal host and hostess, and some Cardinals; and that his Holiness, who in general is very temperate, did, on this occasion, drink an extra glass—“*alla benvenuta de' nostri amici!*” (“to the safe arrival of our friends!”)—to which Antonelli immediately replied, —“Holy Father, say rather,—of our masters.”

But among the inhabitants of the Provinces, above all, the report of the French invasion produced the most melancholy effects. “How can we,” said they one to another, “possibly resist the French and the Austrians together?” Yet, while saying this, and though greatly discouraged, they nevertheless busily prepared for the war.

Towards evening on the 24th of April, the news that the French army had landed at Civita Vecchia reached Rome, and threw it into a state of feverish

excitement. Various were the opinions concerning the event. Few were those who would believe that the French Republicans came to fight for the Pope against their Italian brethren. Some pretended that they had taken possession of Civita Vecchia only as a military station in the expectation of a forthcoming war. Some, that they had come upon the invitation of the Triumvirs. The conduct of Oudinot gave plausibility to all these conjectures. But I must relate this fatal event more at length.

Civita Vecchia is a small sea-port on the Mediterranean, 48 miles from Rome. Only ships of the second order can enter its harbour. The fortress, placed almost at the entrance of the harbour, is insignificant, and at that time was badly furnished and weakly garrisoned. The French General requested permission to disembark. He announced that he came to oppose the Austrian and Neapolitan armies which were then advancing upon Rome. The military and civil authorities held a council of war, and after being satisfied of the impossibility of resistance, granted what they could not refuse. The moment Oudinot had set foot in the town, he published an order of the day, rather alarming to the existing Government; but when he saw the irritation it produced, he immediately issued another, written with exquisitely jesuitical art, according to which he appeared to be the friend of every one. The Triumvirs sent Rusconi, the Minister of foreign

affairs, and Pescantini, a Deputy, to ascertain the General's intentions. They came back in high glee, with the report that the French came as our friends. Yet as they had received but the equivocal word of Oudinot, and not any written declaration, the author, along with two officers of the National Guard and two members of the Roman Municipality, went on a second deputation. We presented ourselves at the General's residence. It was half past eight in the evening. The General had just risen from dinner; some officers were with him. Oudinot is a man about fifty-five years old;—he is short, rather stout, with a very low forehead and small malicious eyes. When he does not allow his military temper to get the better of his prudence, he is, in his manner, in his speech, in his countenance, the very beau-ideal of a Jesuit. He received us with French courtesy, and at our first word of complaint, he feigned to be still more astonished than indignant, and said—"How is this? An Austrian and a Neapolitan army march against you. I come to protect you, and you grumble at it, and threaten to oppose my coming! *Ma fois! tant pis pour vous!*" It would take too long and be tiresome to repeat, word for word, all the evasive answers, the circuitous locutions, by which the General tried to deceive us. He took the greatest possible pains to avoid coming to the point, or giving a direct answer. After an hour's fencing, during which he was always parrying, being pressed too hard, he exclaimed—

“Nom de Dieu!—Eh bien! oui;—nous venons pour remettre le Pape sur le trône.”—“Ah! that is clearly spoken,” answered I, “and I as clearly tell you that we shall receive you at our sword’s point.” “Well, gentlemen,” replied Oudinot, “it may be that you will ere long require my protection from your own people, eager for your blood. You are but a handful of despots who impose your Republic upon an entire population, and that must not be.” We replied, that he would become aware of his mistake to his own cost,—and departed. The account of our interview dissipated all doubt in Rome. The French came as enemies!—we must fight them! Next morning, by order of the Triumvirs, the National Guard passed in review before the Assembly. The President addressed to them, from a balcony in the Piazza di Seiarra, a few patriotic words. Then Sterbini put to them the following simple questions:—“Shall we, or shall we not, receive the French?” a loud, thundering, and prolonged “No!” was the answer. “Shall we yield or defend ourselves?” “Defend ourselves to the last!” answered again the civic militia. At these words the Deputies threw themselves into the arms of their brethren of the National Guard, and many were the tears shed upon the occasion.

This happened on the morning of the 28th. From that moment all indecision ceased. One thought, one wish pervaded the entire population, —“to fight to the last!” Then was displayed a

noble and touching spectacle. Every hand in the city was busied in the preparations for defence. Houses, churches, and palaces adjacent to the walls were demolished, and the materials instantly removed. The beautiful Villa Borghese lost all its ancient and beautiful trees. The walls were as far as possible repaired, and mounted with cannon. Barricades were erected with prodigious rapidity both within and without the gates. The streets of the city were unpaved, and the materials piled into ramparts. Pikes were forged, guns repaired, ammunition distributed. Men of all ranks—of all ages—were incessantly engaged in these different tasks. The gentler sex were preparing lint, washing linen, carrying mattresses to the hospitals, erecting beds, and preparing medicaments for those to whom the fortune of the day might prove injurious. And all this was done with such good will, such unanimous concord, that the beholders were moved to tears. On the evening of the 29th we heard that the French had halted for the night at a distance of fourteen miles from Rome. Next morning all Rome was on the walls. The soldiers were nearly equally distributed over the long *enceinte* of eighty miles, and at the different gates. But the defence was strongest at Porta Cavaleggiera, and on the walls of the gardens of the Vatican. This being the point most exposed to attack, most of the population was there. Garibaldi, who had arrived by forced marches from Rieti on the pre-

vious evening, posted himself with about fifteen hundred men at Villa Pamfili, a mile from the gate. Towards noon the enemy had advanced almost within musket-shot of Garibaldi's position, and the fire began. Garibaldi, jealous of the French military renown, attacked them furiously. The French stood the attack bravely, but our young soldiers and National Guards, unable to contend with the military skill of the enemy, charged at once with the bayonet, and put their opponents to the rout. Fresh battalions came up, and the battle was renewed. Part of the French army made a detour, and advanced towards the gate and under the walls of the city,—in the expectation, I suppose, that the citizens would receive them with open arms; for it is impossible to conceive that without this belief some few thousand men would expose themselves before a fortified town, and expect to gain admittance unassisted by any of the machinery or implements of war. They paid dearly for their temerity. In this sacrilegious war fell many noble spirits, cursing the traitors whose deceit had brought them to it. Many a Republican was slain by a brother Republican's hand;—many a one perished fighting against those for whom they would willingly have shed their blood:—such is the soldier's destiny!

Long before the evening closed, the French had retired in disorder, leaving two hundred and seventy-eight prisoners, and some hundreds dead. Our troops under Garibaldi had displayed prodigies of

valour. Of killed and wounded altogether we lost scarcely one hundred men. Garibaldi's red mantle had been pierced by thirteen bullets, yet only one had touched himself, having but slightly grazed his little finger. The townspeople, who had at first fought from behind the walls, seeing the French retire, rushed out with the greatest impetuosity, and it was not without great exertions that we could prevent them from pursuing the enemy. Had we made a sally in the evening, we should have taken two or three thousand prisoners, for the French were wandering about, seemingly without any knowledge of the ground, and without direction. Now although the populace were in the greatest exultation at their victory, yet the Government and all thinking persons viewed the occurrence with other sentiments. They, although equally flattered in their national pride, were anxious to make the French desist from their dishonourable enterprise.

We had been told by some of their officers at Civita Vecchia, and the same was now repeated by all our prisoners, that when they embarked they had been informed that they were going to fight against the Austrians;—that in Rome they would as a matter of course support the Republic, after expelling a few of the ultras. We expected, that having witnessed our unanimity in defence of our Republic, both the French Army and Government would change their conduct. We could not persuade ourselves that a Council in which sat

Odillon Barrot and Tocqueville would so far dishonour itself and its country as to intend the destruction of a Government proclaimed and supported by an entire population, monks and priests excepted. Fools that we were, not to know that these two citizens were but the tools of Montalambert and Falloux !

All rejoicing was consequently, although not forbidden, at least refrained from. Next morning, at the enemy's request for medical assistance, we sent to their camp nearly all our surgeons : the greater number of theirs had been lost in the attack. We offered to exchange our prisoners for the five thousand guns which the enemy had retained at Civita Vecchia while on their way to Rome. The offer was not accepted. Notwithstanding this, however, our Triumvirs issued the following Decree :—

“ ROMAN REPUBLIC.

“ *In the name of God and the People :*

“ Whereas Rome and the French People are not, and cannot be, at war with each other ;

“ Whereas Rome, in virtue of her right and duty, defends her inviolability, but deplores every attack directed against the two Republics as a crime against their common faith ;

“ Whereas the Roman people does not regard soldiers, who fought from obedience, responsible for the actions of a mistaken Government :—

“ The Triumvirate decrees —

“ Art. 1. The French, made prisoners on the 30th of April, are free, and shall be sent back to the French camp.

“ Art. 2. The Roman people will, at noon, bid a fraternal adieu to the brave soldiers of the French Republic, our sister.

“ *The Triumvirs,*

“ ARMELLINI. MAZZINI. SAFFI.

“ *Rome, the 7th of May 1849.*”

So we, if not wisely, at least very generously (it will be admitted) released our prisoners, whom, after banqueting their officers, we accompanied on their way back, for some miles beyond the gates,—our bands playing the Marseillaise. The poor deceived fellows, overcome by our generosity, shed tears of gratitude. The prudent Jesuit Oudinot, in order to prevent their telling their comrades what they had witnessed in Rome, immediately sent them off to Africa.

To prove to the French Government and people the falsity of the statement that the Republic had been forced upon the unwilling Romans by a handful of despotic usurpers, the Triumvirate printed a volume containing the adhesions and addresses of congratulation which had, at the very first, been voluntarily sent to the new Government, by all the municipalities and magistrates of the State, together with (an irrefragable proof) a statement of the

number of electors who had voted under it. An extraordinary Envoy was sent post-haste to Paris to lay these facts before the French Government, and also to declare to it that Rome had never been more tranquil than since the establishment of the Republic. These statements were corroborated by all the diplomatic agents resident in Italy. Mr. Freeborn, the English Consul, wrote thus to Lord Palmerston on the 1st of May :—

“ *Rome, May 1, 1849.*

“ * * * It would appear, my Lord, from what I have been able to learn, that General Oudinot calculated on the reactionist party in the city ; but not an individual made his appearance ; for this reason, that the mass of the people are ill-disposed to the restoration of the Ecclesiastical Government.”
* * * “ It is my duty to state to your Lordship, that anarchy has not existed in the city of Rome, and that crime has diminished.”

On the 3d of May, Sir George Hamilton, British Minister at Florence, also wrote to the same Lord thus :—

“ From the accounts of the state of Rome given by travellers arriving from that city, it would appear, that if the French Government counted upon a great reaction in favour of the Papal Government, which should manifest itself as soon as the French troops touched the Roman soil, they have been

much deceived, as no such reaction has taken place, at least in Rome, where a hatred of priestly government seems to be deeply rooted in the minds of the great mass of the people."

The proofs, based on facts, which the Roman Envoy laid before the French Government, were so convincing, that it sent M. Lesseps, a member of the French Assembly, to Rome, to inquire farther into the state of affairs, and to act accordingly. M. Lesseps arrived in Rome on the 15th of May ;—but before narrating his proceedings there, we must give an account of what is going on at Gaeta.

The Papal Court has undergone but little change by its removal. If there is less danger at Gaeta, there is more flattery, and more *gallanterie*, than at the Quirinal. Madam Spaur, the kind lady who planned the flight and accompanied the Holy Father in it, presides, and does the honours of the Palace. The Cardinals and Bishops call her "*La Madonna della Provvidenza*." A little jealousy had, indeed, now sprung up between her and the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, but as yet all went on very smoothly. As the Countess de Spaur was the soul of the gallant circles and domestic diplomacy, so Antonelli, the most accomplished hypocrite that ever existed, was at the head of the political plots and intrigues. He, with diabolical craft, always making use of the name of a religion

in which he did not believe, contrived to counteract much of the salutary advice which was still occasionally given to the Pope, and accomplished the fatal change in his once noble sentiments.

This Antonelli, who is now the all-powerfull Minister, the only influential councillor of the Pope, is the son of a man condemned to be hanged as an accomplice of assassins and a receiver of stolen goods, and who only escaped the gallows by the power of his ill-gotten wealth, which opened the prison doors for him, two days previous to that fixed for his execution. Young Antonelli, to whom his father's infamy had closed every honest civil career, became a priest. Being endowed with remarkable talents, which he soon prostituted to the service of the Jesuits, he became a Prelate and Governor of the province of Viterbo. While there, an informer had given him the names of many of the principal young men of the town accused of conspiracy. Antonelli, who had no proofs whatever of their guilt, called the parents of each separately, showed them, as coming from Rome, a mock pardon on condition of their sons confessing their crime, and begged that they would endeavour to induce them to do so,—enlarging at the same time upon the mercy and forgiveness of the Vicar of Christ. The credulous young men confessed, and on the following night, all of them, forty-seven in number, were arrested and thrown into the state dungeons. When Delegato at Macerata, guilty of adultery, he sent

an assassin to attempt the life of the unsubmissive husband. This produced such a scandal, that the Court of Rome was obliged to recal him; and to *punish* him, they *made him Treasurer*,* a situation which gives an absolute right to a Cardinal's hat. Such is the wretch who has now taken the place of Saffi and Mazzini, and who, however, as asserted by his friend Dr. Farini, was during the national war the most eager for freedom and independence.

This Antonelli, then, was the leader of the party

* This is a *general* practice with the ecclesiastical authorities of the Roman Church. When the immoralities of a priest excite too much scandal in his parish, he is sent to another, where he may repeat, perhaps in a larger theatre, these examples of Christian life. And this is done to show that the poor priest was innocent, and had been slandered by his malicious parishioners. This happens even in countries such as England and France, where the clergy are subject to common law. Much worse is it in Italy, where the priest is superior to all law, and where many more circumstances concur to make him per force a corrupt and despicable being. In the first place, the priests are there so numerous that they have nothing to do. In a town of only six thousand inhabitants (such, for example, as Senigallia), there are actually one hundred and fifty priests, besides two hundred monks and friars. After mass, their duties are finished. The coffeeshouses and chemists' shops are, after eight in the morning, continually crowded with priests playing at cards. In the billiard-rooms, and in the public streets and places, are always to be found numbers of priests in undress engaged in different games. They have wealth and leisure, no family ties, no fear of law, and in their *mystical matrimony with the church*, they find rather a stimulus than a restraint to their human passions. It may well be imagined how exceedingly moral such beings must be.

at Gaeta, which breathed nothing but revenge against the liberals, and laboured to destroy, *per fas aut nefas*, our poor Republic. As for Pius, in his leisure hours, after he had received the homage of the gentlemen of the Court, and given his hand to be kissed by the ladies, he went on a pilgrimage to a Madonna, midway between Gaeta and the fortress, and vowed to her that if he should recover his throne through her intercession—(would that he had trusted in that alone!)—he would make her a magnificent present; and, like a good Christian, he has religiously kept his vow. Yet firmly convinced that, although not actually seated in the chair of St. Peter (the unfortunate chair, against which that most irreverent Protestant Lady Morgan has said so much), he was still the Supreme Pontiff, Pius fulminated a bull of excommunication against all those heretical recreants and infidels, and their abettors, who should be guilty of the horrible crime of defending their country against the sacred and blessed French invaders, and gave his benediction to the Neapolitans, who, led by their King, were also advancing upon Rome. These, I suppose, were the acts of the Pontiff.

The *Prince* sent Monsignor Savelli to the camp of the French, to urge them to fulfil their promises, and to bury, if necessary, the rebellious Republicans under the ruins of Rome. He likewise sent Monsignor Bedini, his particular friend, to the Austrian army to assist Corzkowski in his fero-

cious and merciless expedition. Thus the Pontiff, in the name of God, launches his anathema against a nation guilty neither of heresy nor of disrespect for religion, but only because they defended their own territory, their own city, against a foreign invader:—The Prince refuses to return, even at the repeated entreaties of his dutiful subjects, and prefers to re-enter his Capital in triumph, upheld by strange bayonets, and over heaps of the bloody corpses of those who desired him back, and who, if alive, would probably have greeted his return with enthusiasm. Such, O Catholics! is the *model Prince!*—the *representative of Christ!*

Meanwhile we were invaded on all sides, and all the energies of a brave people, fighting for their homes, were insufficient against so many enemies. The Austrians had invested Bologna, from which, unfortunately, we had been compelled to withdraw the greatest part of our troops for the defence of Rome. Nevertheless, Bologna fought heroically for many days, till, exhausted, overwhelmed by bombs and rockets, she was at last compelled to capitulate. It was a sad and revolting spectacle to see a Prelate, a *Legato a Latere* from the Pope, countersigning the ferocious orders of Corzkowski, and issuing his ordinances FROM THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE IMPERIAL TROOPS, as did Bedini.

The Austrians advanced towards Ancona through the Romagna, which, intimidated and broken down, let them pass unmolested, so that they arrived at

the town and began to bombard it. There our fortunes were at the lowest ebb.

The Romans, however, though having to fight other enemies besides the French, firmly and boldly stood their ground. On the 10th of May the French renewed their attack upon Rome with more regularity and order than before, and were again repulsed. The Neapolitan army, commanded by the King in person, had arrived at Albano, only fourteen miles from Rome. From the balcony of the Royal Hotel, where his Majesty had taken up his quarters, the brave officers of the intrepid Ferdinand were, after dinner, leisurely pointing out to one another the different parts of the town of which each should undertake the sack, and the King himself spoke of offering to the shrine of San Gennaro the skin of the Devil* Garibaldi. The Neapolitan army was fourteen thousand strong, with two batteries of artillery. Garibaldi left Rome to fight these other enemies, with only eight thousand men and two small field-pieces. Our troops advanced rapidly and resolutely towards Albano. The King of Naples was at dinner when the first scout announced the march of the Romans. He took a telescope, went on the balcony, saw the advancing army, and calling the attention of an officer by a whistle, gave, by a gesture, the order to prepare for——flight! An hour and a half after, he was

* The Neapolitan soldiers called Garibaldi "*Lo Diavolo*."

at Veletri, sixteen miles on the safe side of Albano, and was soon after rejoined by his army, which, however, was upbraided by the valiant king for not having waited for the enemy. Garibaldi followed his courageous adversary to Veletri. Ferdinand thought that such a great monarch as he, could not with honour fight such a mean enemy, and in order to avoid so far compromising his dignity, hastened to place it in safety in the fortress of Gaeta. The Neapolitan officers, however, were ashamed of retreating without having once faced their enemy. They led forth their troops to a fortified position about a mile from Veletri. There we fought them. After four hours, night fell, snatching from us a complete victory. The Neapolitans retired into the strong town of Veletri. We prepared to storm it next morning, but the enemy, to gather new courage from their king's presence, had retired on the road to Gaeta. And—Oh! incredible and unheard-of impudence!—both in Gaeta and Naples were held great rejoicings at our *defeat*! The runaway conquerors and their gallant king went to the churches to chaunt the "*Te Deum*" for their glorious victory over the revolted and sacrilegious subjects of his Holiness. Plutarch has already proved to us that the most ferocious and sanguinary animals are by nature the most cowardly, but I do not remember that he anywhere remarked that they are also the greatest boasters.

Garibaldi, extremely annoyed at the enemy's escape, followed them resolutely, put to flight a body of Neapolitans at Terracina, on the frontier of the kingdom, which he then prepared to invade. But unexpected circumstances caused his recall, and relieved the court of Gaeta from the fright into which it had been thrown.

Meanwhile the Romans did better than rejoice for a mock victory; they celebrated a real one thus.—The Neapolitans had massacred some stragglers from Garibaldi's army, and the Triumvirate, fearing that the people might retaliate on some Neapolitan prisoners who had been sent to Rome, issued the following proclamation:—

“ ROMANS,—Some Neapolitan prisoners, the first fruits of the victory we are to gain, are come into the town.

“ IN THE NAME OF GOD AND THE PEOPLE, THEIR PERSONS ARE TO BE SACRED.

“ They are Italians,—deceived—deceived by the King who leads them. Let them be made aware that their brothers are here, under the banner of the Republic; and that here, and not in the camp of a traitor, is the Italian cause defended. Let them be made aware that the Romans know as well how to pardon as to conquer.

“ Long live the Republic!

“ *The Triumvirs,*

“ ARPELLINI. MAZZINI. SAFFI.”

We must now resume the narrative of the French invasion. We said that the French Government had sent M. Lesseps to inquire into the true state of affairs at Rome, to take the necessary steps and to report to it. M. Lesseps saw at once how completely his Government had been deceived, and how erroneous were General Oudinot's opinions regarding the state of Rome. After having been but a few hours in the city, he wrote to the latter thus :—

“ In the critical situation we are in, it appears to me extremely important to avoid every species of engagement. I see a whole town in arms. * * * * I find here, at the first glance, the aspect of a population determined to resist ;—and, rejecting all exaggerated estimates, one may reckon on at least about 25,000 determined combatants. If we enter by sheer force into Rome, not only shall we have to pass over the bodies of some foreign adventurers, but *we shall leave on the pavement men of the middle class, shopkeepers, and young men of family—all those classes, in short, that defend order and society in Paris.*” *

So, by the confession of Lesseps, the whole population, including its best citizens, was in arms, and the reproach that we were a faction which imposed the Republic on the unwilling Romans, counts

* “ *Ma Mission à Rome :*” *Memoire Présenté au Conseil d'Etat, par Ferdinand de Lesseps, page 23.*

for nothing. Mazzini, in a letter addressed to Messrs. De Tocqueville and Falloux, refuted by proofs no less incontrovertible the accusation of violence and terrorism brought against our Government by the French.

The following is extracted from this letter :—

* * * * “ Mark the facts which, in every time and in every place, accompany every system supported by violence. During nearly five months of Republican government, can you, gentlemen, point out a single condemnation to death for a political offence?—a single exile founded upon political offences?—a single exceptional tribunal instituted in Rome to judge political offences?—a single newspaper suspended by order of the Government?—a single decree directed to restrain the liberty of the press, anterior to the state of siege? If so, point them out;—point out the laws originating in a system of terror; point out the ferocious bands of which you speak; point out the victims of our rule—or resign yourselves to be branded as liars.”

* * * * “ Our capital was cheerful and happy under the weight of sacrifices which sudden changes must always impose upon a State; tranquil and serene when the presence of your army under its walls might have provoked the malcontents—if malcontents were to be found in Rome—to acts of rashness. Our National Guards furnished upwards of 7000 men for active service within the city and on the walls. Our prisons were all but empty of

political offenders. Two or three individuals strongly suspected of intercourse with your camp, two or three Cardinals taken in the very act of conspiracy, and an official (Zamboni) guilty of desertion, were all who were under trial when M. de Corcelles visited the prisons. The five or six prisoners—Freddi, Alai, and the rest, found by him in the castle of St. Angelo—were there by order of Pius IX., and for plots against his Government. The men most averse to the republic—a Mamiani, a Pantaleoni—walked free through the streets of Rome. We reminded the people, who mistrusted them, that the Republic, superior to the dethroned power, held opinions to be inviolable unless manifested in dangerous acts; and the people, generous by nature and from a consciousness of power, understood and respected this.”—What can any one answer to this?

No dispassionate person was to be found who did not condemn the French invasion. All the foreigners at Rome were in our favour—the English and American Consuls openly so. There were in our ranks many strangers,—among others, not a few Englishmen. Nay even the *French* residents met in the *Caffè Nuovo*, and drew up a protest against the war, which they sent by a deputation to Oudinot. Many of them even fought along with us against their countrymen. Lesseps, although devoted to what they call the *party of order*, had, as we have seen, communicated to his Government his impres-

sions regarding the affairs of Rome, and after many other concessions, drew up a convention with our National Assembly, the most important article of which was the recognition of the Roman Republic, and stipulated for an armistice, which, should the French Government refuse to ratify the convention, was not to be broken until fifteen days after that refusal.

But by this time Louis Napoleon had explored the electoral urn, and had seen that the majority of the future French Assembly would be composed of the partizans of Montalambert and Falloux, so that there would no longer be any necessity for showing deference to republican feelings. He therefore telegraphed an order to Oudinot, giving him full power to disregard any of M. Lesseps' conventions, and to proceed at once to take possession of Rome. Oudinot, eager to earn the Pope's blessing, intimated to the Roman Assembly, that he, being the sole representative of the French Government, did not approve of M. Lesseps' arrangements, and that on Monday the 4th of July hostilities should be recommenced. We were thunderstruck. Our best troops were, as I have said, with Garibaldi on the Neapolitan frontier. Others had been sent in the opposite direction to oppose the Austrians. So much had we trusted in the faith of treaties, that Rome was left almost without soldiers. Order after order was dispatched to recal Garibaldi, who reluctantly obeyed the command which obliged him to

abandon the sure and flattering prospect of reaching Naples and dethroning the sanguinary Ferdinand. As from that time till the last moment the greatest burden of the war rested upon Garibaldi, I may be permitted to say some few words regarding him.

Garibaldi is about fifty years old, of middle size, and of a rather fair complexion, his hair and beard of a sandy hue. His forehead is high, his eyes piercing. He speaks rarely,—perhaps not elegantly, but fluently. Reserved towards strangers, he is exceedingly courteous to those who know him, and is the friend and father of his soldiers. At the close of an action, or after a review, he would lay aside the authority of the General, and seating himself on the grass at the nearest mess, would eat and drink with the common soldiers, and be as merry as any of them. He takes great care of his wounded men, visits them, encourages them, and in particular cases has them conveyed to his own quarters, that he may nurse them himself. Hence the soldiers idolize him. He was born at Nice, where are now his children, and where still resides his aged mother, the most extraordinary and noble-hearted woman living. She calls her son *Peppino*, and when she can meet with any one who has known him or fought along with him, the good mother is delighted to hear again and again the story of her son's exploits. Garibaldi was brought up as a sailor. Obligated to emigrate, he went first to Tu-

nis, and then to Montevideo. It is well known what glory he acquired in these countries. What I have been told of his daring seems almost fabulous. On one particular occasion, with a small ship, he dashed among an enemy's fleet, set it on fire, and returned safely amid a shower of bullets. The moment he heard of the Italian war of Independence, he collected a small band of brave men, and with them sailed for Italy. Unfortunately, he did not arrive till our fortunes were declining, and so had no part in that war. Only after the ignominious capitulation of Salasco, did he, with some hundred warriors, fight for some time after every one else had laid down their arms. Obligated at last to yield, he went to Bologna on his way to Venice, and it was here that Zucchi threatened his band with military execution, should they not proceed at once to Venice. As Venice was blockaded by the Austrians, Garibaldi and his troops, which augmented every day, took the road to Rome. He was chosen Deputy, and had the charge of protecting the Neapolitan frontier from invasion, but hastened to Rome on the news of the disembarkation of the French. On the 30th of April he covered himself with glory, and our victory on that day was chiefly due to him. During the siege of Rome he was the very soul of the war,—not because he surpassed others in military science and skilful strategy, but because he was a true soldier, foremost in the fight, most daring in attack, with admirable self-possession in

danger, and above all, because he had the art of inspiring his men with devotedness and courage. Any one of them would willingly have laid down his life for him. Altogether, though Garibaldi cannot be called a scientific General, yet he is, without contradiction, a most excellent chief of Guerillas. He dresses very plainly, in a short scarlet mantle, without any military insignia except a sword and a soldier's cap. He is indefatigable, and can remain on horseback for sixteen or eighteen hours without food. He is sober, frugal, unassuming, and so disinterested and generous that he returned to his native place without a *centime*, and, to purchase a cigar, was under the necessity of asking his mother for a franc. Such is Garibaldi. He came back to Rome on the 2d of July.

During the short time allowed us, we made the best preparation that we could, and impatiently awaited the dawn of the Monday when the fighting was to recommence. But Oudinot, forgetful of all military honour, and regardless of the infamy which he brought upon himself and his country, began the assault on *Sunday the 3d*, an hour before daybreak. Our troops on the advanced posts, confiding in the word of honour of a French commander, were not on their guard, and were surprised and made prisoners. Almost all our outposts were thus treacherously taken. Among others there was an isolated villa called the Casino dei Quattro Venti, which commanded the road, and

which we had fortified to intercept the march of the French. The soldiers who garrisoned it were surprised like the others, and the house fell into the hands of the enemy. It was in the attempt to retake this villa that we lost so many of our noblest and most courageous soldiers. Italy will long mourn the day on which fell her Manara, Mellara, Mammelli, Masina, and hundreds of other noble and promising youths. Twice was the house retaken and lost. From dawn till nightfall we fought as only those will, who fight for their homes and their country. No one deserted his post—no wound was received in the back. We contested our ground inch by inch, but were at last obliged to yield. Neither the prodigious valour of the Général, nor the devoted gallantry of the five or six thousand soldiers under his command, could withstand the assault of six times that number of the best troops of Europe. The French remained masters of the outposts. We retired into the town, saddened by our many losses, indignant at the treachery of the enemy, but neither daunted nor discouraged, and determined to fight to the last.

Rome on this day presented a miserable spectacle,—a scene of tumult and consternation,—a moving sight of grief and pity. The noise of drums, cannons, and muskets—the lugubrious sound of the alarum bell—the marching and countermarching of troops—officers of ordinance clattering through the streets on their chargers at

full speed—wounded men returning from the scene of combat, and new combatants rushing thither—the continual stream of the wounded and expiring—the frantic cries of wives and mothers who recognised their husbands and sons on the fatal biers—the incessant explosion of bombs—the fear of the enemy's entering at every moment—the groans of one, the loud cries of another, the excitement and exasperation of all,—made the city a scene of indescribable confusion and horror.

The French, who had found to their cost what determined men can do, saw at once how imprudent and hazardous it would be to storm a town so defended. Consequently they commenced a regular seige, daily battering our bastions with cannon, and showering on the town a perfect storm of bombshells. Still we were not dismayed. Who can ever relate the many proofs of heroism which were given by the people of Rome! who can describe the ardour and intrepidity of the men—the devotedness and charity of the women! From the boy of twelve years to the white-haired man—from the duke to the cobbler,—all were on the wall. Servants and masters, professors and scholars, friends and foes,—all united with one accord in defending the city. At such a time a gun was more precious than all the wealth of the gallery of the Vatican,—and neither by reward nor by menace could any citizen, above all any *Trasteverino*, have been induced to lay down his musket or leave

his place on the ramparts. The great trial was, that when one fell, no other was willing to leave his post in order to carry the sufferer to a safer place. A continued succession of women might be seen conveying food to their husbands and sons upon the wall, that they might not die of exhaustion; and these gentle creatures seemed fearless of the fighting, and looked on without dismay at the horrors of war. Many of them, while on their pious errand, perished amid the shower of shot and shells by which the French attempted to drive us from the walls. One case excited particular compassion. The wife of an officer who had not left the ramparts for days and nights, brought her husband some food. After many prayers she prevailed upon him to leave the wall and take a few minutes breathing-time and rest. At some three hundred yards within the wall, they sat down on the ground, where the lady, laying out her husband's food, placed herself with womanly concern between him and the enemy, saying, with some coquetry, "If a bullet comes this way, I will defend thee from it." The husband laughed and repaid her with a caress. While the soldier was eating, the affectionate wife wiped the sweat from his brow, arranged his hair, pitied his jaded condition, but proudly kissing him, encouraged him to fight valiantly. But alas! while she was so admirably caressing her brave husband, a bomb severed both her legs from her body. She lingered some

minutes. The rough soldier could not restrain his tears and lamentations, whilst the dying woman, with her last accents faltered—"Go, dearest!—weep not for me. Go, rather, and avenge me!—Farewell!" and expired.

Another case also created a great sensation in the Rione of Trastevere. An aged widower, whose little daughter, eleven years old, was about to retire to rest, was kneeling with her at her bed-side, praying to God for their country—for their son and brother who was fighting in its defence—when a bomb, crashing through the roof, exploded between them, and killed both.

As these scenes of horror multiplied every day, some honest persons, devoted to the Pope and his Church, on seeing so many miseries caused, and so much blood shed, in his name, thought of going to Gaeta to inform Pius, who they imagined must be ignorant of it. Thither they went, and found the Court in the midst of the greatest rejoicing. It received news from Rome twice a-day, and the more sad and distressing was the account brought of the condition of its inhabitants, the more joyful and pleased were the courtiers. It seemed as if the misery and tears of the unfortunate Romans were the first condition of their happiness. This confirmed the praiseworthy intending monitors in their idea that the Pope did not really know what was going on in Rome:—they dared not think so ill of their beloved Pius. They were admitted to

his presence, and kindly received. They related to him the sad and prolonged tragedy which was being enacted at Rome, spoke of the torrents of Christian blood which were shed, and entreated him to put a stop to the enormous sacrifice of Catholic lives which was daily going on. Pius, unmoved by the recital of so many horrors, answered calmly—“ *God has doomed them to destruction: the anger of God is terrible; no prayers can disarm Him. They have refused OUR mercy,—let them feel OUR justice.*” The messengers of peace were appalled by such daring impiety. One’s hair stands on end at the blasphemous words!

Our position became every day more precarious. The Austrians, after thirteen days of bombarding, had entered Ancona, and were approaching Rome,—shooting on the slightest pretext whoever fell into their hands by the way. Another division of them having invaded Tuscany, and butchered hundreds of Livornese prisoners, was also marching towards the city, and had already reached Perugia, about seventy miles distant. The Spaniards, those bastards of the Inquisition, had advanced from Porto d’Anzio to Gensano, seventeen miles from the city. We were thus surrounded on every side. Within the town, disguised priests and monks acted as spies, everywhere collecting information and communicating it to our enemies. Some of them were detected in the very act of making signals to the besiegers, with a kind of telegraph, from a house

belonging to the Jesuits, situated in a tenement on the city wall, the same from whence the National Guard had once been fired upon. They were arrested and conveyed to the State prison of Castel St. Angelo. While they were on their way thither, the news circulated from mouth to mouth that they had fired upon and killed some of the National Guards. The people were already exasperated by the horrors of war. Their ancient hatred of the priests had become still more inflamed by the calamities they were now suffering through them. As is always the case in popular tumults, the rage of all seemed concentrated in each. From murmurs, the people passed to loud menaces, and at last, with shouts of execration, tore the unfortunate prisoners from the hands of the National Guards who were escorting them, killed them, and threw the bodies into the Tiber. This is the only charge of violence having any foundation in fact with which the Romans can be reproached. Five persons accused of having taken part in this affair have since been executed as murderers. Was it murder? — The Vicar of Christ, who signed the death-warrants, thought so. And these unfortunates, for a momentary outbreak of fury, paid the penalty due—if ever due—only to premeditated murder.

Meanwhile the siege of Rome and its defence were continued with the greatest pertinacity. On 22d of June, in the middle of the night, the French

made a desperate attack. They showered upon the town thousands of shells, and vigorously assailed the walls, hoping that in a sudden and general panic the Romans would yield. They forgot that we were no mercenary soldiers, but citizens fighting for home and liberty. The tocsin was sounded from the Capitol, and in an instant, roused from her agitated slumbers, Rome was on foot. Men and women prepared to fight. Neither wife nor mother attempted by tears or entreaties to stay her husband or son, but with a blessing and a kiss sent him forth against the enemy.

O glorious Rome! O my noble country! when I remember thy heroic deeds, the joyful readiness with which thou didst sacrifice thy children to achieve thy liberty, hope lends me patience to endure the longing and misery of exile! Such a people cannot long remain under the ignominious yoke of the priests!

At last we could no more. Four armies beleaguered us now still closer. We had only a few thousand soldiers; the rest of our defenders were but inexperienced citizens. Our bastions were battered into breaches, our houses in flames, our hospitals crowded, the flower of our bravest hourly being cut off—the necessities of life few, the necessities many. No resource! no hope! Garibaldi himself, the bravest of men, from whom every one received an inspiration of courage—who was everywhere, dared everything,—even he began

to despair of the possibility of a longer resistance. On the 3d of June the Assembly declared that the heroic defence could be no longer maintained. All that a brave people could do had been done. Our honour was saved. Such a defeat was more glorious than many victories. To protract the siege would be to sacrifice many useful lives and brave men to no purpose. The Assembly therefore gave orders to the Triumvirate to come to terms with the enemy. The Triumvirs, unwilling to comply with that order, resigned. Another Triumvirate was named, but it too refused the disagreeable task. The Senate of Rome then sent a deputation to the French General, not to enter into any formal capitulation, but simply to declare that we withdrew from the contest, and yielded only to superior force, but that we protested to the last against the shameless invasion of our national rights. Such were the sentiments of a Municipality of Rome, freely elected by free citizens. The Municipality which conferred upon you, General Oudinot, the high honour of Roman citizenship, was composed of the varlets of the Pope, the worshippers of your sword.

On the 1st of July our troops were withdrawn from the wall, and on the 2d the French entered the city amidst the hootings and execrations of the citizens. The shops and houses were all shut. The windows were filled with persons loudly expressing their disapprobation—the streets with an

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excited population who seemed anything but a vanquished people. Out of the coffeehouse of *Le Belle Arti* was hung the Italian flag. One of the French officers tore it down, and bore it off in triumph. It is this same banner that the renowned Duke of St. Pancrase presented to the French Government, and which now hangs, among other trophies, in the Dome of the Invalides. Preserve it carefully, O vainglorious Frenchmen! it does not offend us in the least. Had I been present the other day at the conflagration of the monument, I would have risked my life to save, above all, that triumphal banner, that it might remain for ever a signal evidence of the depth of degradation to which a French General may descend, and be an everlasting memorial of the great and glorious deed of the French Republic under the sway of Napoleon's nephew.

On the 3d of July, while the French were already masters of the larger part of the city, the Roman Assembly gave another instance of civic fortitude. Having previously passed the last article of our Republican Constitution, it repaired to the Capitol amidst an immense crowd of people, and proclaimed it as its last protest, and also to remind the Romans that it was the only law which they ought to obey. It is the only law which they have willingly obeyed since.

It is not my intention to dwell long on the miseries which ensued on the occupation of our

city by the French. I will not relate all the adventures of the brave Garibaldi, who left Rome with a handful of brave followers, and after being hunted from place to place by his French, Spanish, and Austrian enemies, was at last obliged to disband his men, and who then, accompanied only by his wife, underwent many perils in attempting to reach Piedmont.*

We must now turn to Gaeta, whither went Oudinot on the 4th, to receive the acknowledgments of the Pope. He was received by the Court as an angel of deliverance, and his valour and that of his troops extolled to the skies. The vindictive priests rejoiced at the recital of the slaughter, and at the

* Left alone with his wife, Garibaldi, by secret ways and bye-baths, was proceeding towards Piedmont. After a long and painful journey, during which they were tracked like wild beasts, and were often in want of food and shelter, the lady, who was on the point of becoming a mother, sunk exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, and could proceed no farther. Concerned only for her husband's safety, and regardless of her own, she besought him to leave her to her fate, and to seek a refuge for himself. But Garibaldi was no less affectionate than brave. He scorned to save his life by leaving the mother of his children in the hands of her enemies. He remained with her. She lingered but a short time, and died in his arms. Garibaldi contemplated for some time in sadness the pale corpse of the faithful partner of his dangers, and digging a grave with his sword, laid her sorrowfully beneath the ground;—then swearing to avenge her, he resumed his perilous wanderings, and at last, alone and unfriended, reached a place of safety in Piedmont. He is now in America, awaiting the revival of his country.

numbers and quality of the victims who had perished. The Pope, to give the General a proof of his satisfaction, and as a memorial of his great exploit, honoured him with the title of Duke of St. Pancrase. Oh ! shame on his sacrilegious profanity !—the Pope, the head of the Christian Church, gives the name of St. Pancrase to the man whose cannon have battered into ruins the *Church of St. Pancrase* ! Shame on the French soldier who consented to receive at the hands of a Pope the price of the blood of his massacred subjects !—But this is not all. The Pope, not content with having vanquished us, must now insult us—perhaps in the hope of driving us to some act of mad despair—and orders that in all the churches of the State the *Te Deum* shall be chaunted for the French victory, and public thanks offered to God that thousands of Christians had fallen under christian swords !—By the command of the blasphemer who calls himself the Vicegerent of Christ, mourning fathers are *compelled* to witness the rejoicings for the slaughter of their sons. Thus he used even his spiritual power ! But even this was not all ;—a still greater profanation of the name of God—a still stronger proof that the priests use their spiritual power only to support their temporal domination, and to indulge their worst passions, was now given by the Pope's *Encyclica*. I will explain :—

At the beginning of the war, by the praiseworthy and untiring exertions of Father Gavazzi,

military hospitals had been erected everywhere throughout Rome. These hospitals were placed under the special care of the Roman ladies, of whom even the highest in rank did not think it beneath her to attend personally to the wants of the wounded. The spiritual direction of these hospitals was confided to Gavazzi, who, indefatigable in his exertions, went continually from the field to the hospital, and from one hospital to another, administering with true christian charity the last consolations of religion. Under him were thirty or forty priests who had devoted themselves to the same kindly offices, thus fulfilling one of the first obligations of their holy calling. Surely the Pope, the professed high-priest of Christianity, ought to have commended the pious zeal of these noble ladies, and rewarded the priests thus devoted to their sacred duties. But no! Gavazzi had first of all preached the crusade against the Austrians within the walls of the Coliseum, and had then gone through the provinces calling the people to arms. The other priests had followed his example. Many of the ladies were wives and daughters of Liberals; — the patients were patriots;—therefore Pius, in his Encyclica, with the vindictiveness peculiar in the highest degree to the priest, while reproaching the Government with allowing the wounded to perish without the last sacrament, excommunicated both the ladies and the priests, calling the former (shame upon him!) *prostitutes*, and imprisoning or exiling

all the latter. Both were punished for their Christian virtues. Besides being liberals, they had consoled, soothed, and prayed for their suffering fellow-creatures, whom Pius had declared accursed, and they were expelled from Christian communion :— Alas for the religion of Christ !

But why should I prolong the painful history of the acts of Pius the Ninth ?—why speak of relentless persecutions, of ruined families, of dungeons filled with victims ? Why should I comment upon the famous amnesty from which every one was excepted, and which was at the same time an insult and a mockery ? Why should I detail every military execution ordered both in Rome and in Bologna by the priests.* It may have been of

* Among other executions, that of Ugo Bassi was most atrocious and lamentable. I think the public will be interested by a short outline of the life of this heroic priest. He was born in Bologna—was a Barnabite—and when shot, he was about forty-two years old. He was a poet, a painter, and a musician, and has left imperishable testimony of his excellence in each of these departments of genius ; but his greatest merit was as a preacher. His eloquence was unparalleled ; his orations full of poetry ; his tone pathetic and impressive. When his very handsome and expressive countenance was animated by the subject, his power was irresistible. He went with us into Lombardy ; he was with us wherever the danger was greatest, and the need of a devoted consoler most felt. Twice he was wounded, and was subsequently taken prisoner by the French while assisting a dying soldier. In his retreat towards Piedmont he was captured and delivered to the Austrians at Bologna. There is an enactment in the canon law that no priest can be executed, and the Court of Rome strictly maintains this law, in order to avoid

some interest to read the history of a Pope who seemed unwilling to tread in the steps of his predecessors—who seemed to interpret and apply the religion of Christ in its true and highest spirit;—of a Pope who, departing from the inveterate practices of all former Popes, appeared inclined to mercy

giving any pretext for its infringement by the civil power in other Catholic countries. Now poor Bassi was a priest:—listen to the barbarous sophistry they had recourse to in order to butcher him. The Inquisition took him in hand; and, to deprive him of the dignity of the priesthood in accordance with one of their rules, they skinned the palms, forefingers, and thumbs of both hands; and pretending to have thus divested him of his sacred character, they delivered him over as a layman to the ferocious Austrians. These ruffians made short work with him: in three hours he was condemned and shot. The scene was most touching and affecting. Outside of Bologna, in a deserted place, were dug two graves. An imposing military force kept from it the horror-struck citizens. A dead silence reigned. On a sudden it was broken by the distant sound of a coach, driven furiously, and entering the square formed by the soldiery. It was an awful moment. Two persons descended from the coach. They were Bassi and his friend Laviraghi. Ugo was pale, but his countenance seemed lighted up by the idea of the glorious martyrdom which awaited him. He walked composedly to the side of his grave. He raised his beautiful black eyes to heaven, and exclaimed—“I die without remorse: I die for my God and my country. Viva Gesu! viva l'It. . .” Six homicidal bullets prevented his uttering the whole name of his beloved Italy, and he went to finish it in the bosom of Christ. The mother of Bassi, on hearing of his tragical fate, exclaimed—“Ugo! Ugo!” and fell dead on the ground. The Brigadier of the carabinieri who had arrested him, lately met his own death almost in the same spot where he had captured the noble hero.

and tolerance ;— of a Pope who seemed appointed by Heaven to inspire the falling Popery with new life. Both the Christian and the Philosopher would have found in this history ample materials for meditation and speculation. But after Pius enters upon the career of his predecessors—after he has plunged himself into the vices and iniquities inherent in the Popedom, it becomes superfluous to say more. His history then resembles that of all the Popes ; and the history of the Popes is the martyrology of the Christians.

We here close the fourth and last Epoch. At its beginning we saw Pius leaving his capital in order that it might fall into the horrors of anarchy, and calling on all the despots of Europe to aid him to re-enter it as a sanguinary conqueror, when he might have returned, had he so chosen, the beloved sovereign of a rejoicing people. The Romans, left to themselves, and afterwards under a Republican Government, give striking examples of the noblest virtue. Their sacrifices and heroism increase in proportion to their danger, and they become respected and admired by all Europe. The Pope, enraged to madness by this, accuses them of the most horrible crimes, and excommunicates them because they contest their soil with foreign invaders. He excites against them all the worst passions of religious bigotry and fanaticism, and takes pleasure in giving his Pontifical blessing to

the greatest shedder of Christian blood. Even after his victory, he curses the vanquished, and indulges his thirst for vengeance by crowding his dungeons with victims, and scattering exiles through foreign lands.

In this last and fatal Epoch the mild and charitable man disappears, and the Pope takes his place : May the crimes of Pope Pius not be too severely visited upon Giovanni Mastai !

CONCLUSION.

IF that portion of the history of Pius the Ninth which differs from that of all the other Popes has been short, its consequences and effects will nevertheless be durable and momentous. Not only Italy, but a great part of Catholic Europe which the many absurdities and superstitious practices of the Roman Church had rendered sceptical, was, when Pius ascended the throne, in a state of incertitude, hesitating between atheism and pantheism. Nevertheless there were many who fondly adhered to the faith of their forefathers,—who, although disheartened by the abyss of corruption into which the priests had dragged the Church, still looked forward to the appearance of some holy reformer who should restore to the religion of Christ its divine essence, its primitive purity. When Pius the Ninth appeared, these expectations seemed to be realized; and had it been possible for man to work such a miracle, surely that man was the kind-hearted and pious Giovanni Mastai, who with many other virtues appeared to possess that prominent one which forms the basis of the Christian

religion—charity and love for his fellow-men.—When they observed the spirit in which he began his Pontificate, they rejoiced, imagining that a new triumph for the Catholic Church was at hand. Had Pius persevered in his mild and conciliatory conduct, Popery would have revived, and would have retained, for a time at least, some portion of Europe in the thrall of its blinding and mischievous superstitions. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. It had perhaps been decreed that the Poppedom should cease to mislead mankind, and should perish, not in the person of a John XXII., of an Alexander VI., or even of a Gregory XVI., but in the person of one of the best and most virtuous of men,—in order that it should be judged without appeal, and to prove that those who are elected Popes are not by nature worse than other men, but that they become changed, corrupted, and perverted by the system which they represent. And here, without any profound philosophical or theological investigation, but merely by a superficial examination of human nature, it may be seen that it can never by any possibility be otherwise. The man who regards himself as the Vicegerent of Christ—who believes, or at least desires others to believe, that having been chosen by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, he is infallible and infinitely superior to every earthly power;—the man who sets himself up as an Idol which must be addressed only on the bended knees—who considers

that the highest favour he can possibly bestow is the permission to kiss his slipper;—such a man cannot long continue other than a tyrant and a despot.

And now that no doubt remains as to the true spirit of Popery;—now that no one can reasonably entertain the slightest hope that it will ever change from what it has always been—an institution founded on superstition, nourished with blood, and maintained only by the axe of the executioner;—now that the last testing experiment has shown to all the world its utter helplessness apart from physical force, it may truly be said that Popery is irrevocably doomed. It may linger yet a while by the aid of despotic bayonets, but never again can it be a living and effective agent in the history of the world.

The strength of Popery lay in Italy: it drew its life, its power, its prestige, from the throne of the Roman Prince. But we Italians have, to a man, sworn that no Pope shall ever again, with our consent, reign in our country. This being the case, it is singular that the Protestants, with all their abhorrence of the Catholic faith, all their longings for the downfall of the “Man of Sin,” the abominated “Antichrist,” have never turned their attention to the fact that his temporal dominion, his throne in Rome, has always been the source of his authority and influence, and alone preserves to him the remnant of power which he yet possesses. Had

Protestants well considered this fact, and regulated their conduct thereby, the Papacy might long ere now have been at an end.

Rome has made the Popedom. In Rome it originated, in Rome it flourished, in Rome it climbed to that height of power from which for a time it domineered over Europe. The Popes applied to their own purposes the great name of Rome—her glory, her monuments, and the prestige attaching to her magnanimous and heroic deeds. When Italy was invaded by the Barbarians, Rome was yet the Metropolis of the Western Empire, and the Senate, although fallen from its former greatness, still issued its decrees headed with those famous and magic letters—"S. P. Q. R."—"(*Senatus Populusque Romanus.*") The barbarians regarded the conquest of the Imperial City as the great aim of their ambition, and thither they fought their way. As neither the Emperor nor the Senate had the power to check them, the Pope, venerable in years and piety, armed only with the white stole of the high-priest, was often the only one who could stay the fury of the ferocious invaders. Hence the Romans, who had no other protector, began to acknowledge him as their true Prince.

The virtue of these first Bishops of Rome contributed to increase the devotion of the people, and gave them still greater authority. Europe, as yet groping amid the darkness of ignorance, and distracted by the continual warring of races, pos-

sessed no principle of unity but the great name of Rome, which still remained the symbol of power and supremacy. Charlemagne went thither to receive from the hands of a Pope the Imperial diadem; and the German Princes could not and did not assume the title of Emperor without being first consecrated at Rome;—not because the *Pope* was there, but because it was tacitly admitted that to *Rome* alone belonged the right of bestowing the sceptre of the Cæsars. Had the Pope happened to reside elsewhere than in Rome, he never could have acquired his amazing authority. The VATICAN could never have been reared except on the hill opposite to that on which stands the CAPITOL!! Even at this day, among the half-savage tribes of Brazil and Mexico, and among the ignorant Croats and peasants of Bavaria and Biscay, there are no words which have greater influence than these—“The Pope of ROME.” Let the Pope become a wandering Bishop—let him seek an asylum at Gaeta in the ensanguined arms of his beloved Ferdinand, or again take up his residence among his French friends at Avignon—(would to God that he would!)—and England would find that he would give up all idea of sending her any more Wisemans, or of again dividing her territory into new Roman Bishoprics.

And here I repeat what I said before, that we Italians wish to fight our battles alone; that we desire no foreign armies to assist us against our natu-

ral enemies. We require no help to put down the Pope and the Popedom, and we long once more to measure our own strength with that Tyrant of Italy—Austria. But, Protestants of England! if a conspiracy of all the Catholic powers of Europe should take up arms again to crush us in our next attempt to dethrone the Pope—your mortal enemy as well as ours—you surely will not again stand by with folded arms, the passive spectators of the downfall of your friends! We never did, and never will, desire that you should go to war on our account: there never was, nor is there now, the slightest necessity for having recourse to that extremity. Is England so fallen from that high rank which it was her boast to occupy among the European Powers, that her once-powerful voice is no longer listened to? Shall she make a display of her might only in the Piræus, or against the half-naked savages of South-Africa? Does she shrink from looking in the face any stronger adversaries than these? Surely no!—Englishmen, do you imagine that, had your Government firmly and resolutely pronounced such words as these—“England forbids all foreign intervention in the affairs of Rome!”—do you imagine, I say, that Louis Napoleon would, after that, have dared to persist in his armed support of the Pope, or even in putting down the Italian Republicans, at the risk of a war with *you*? And if you did not then raise your voice in our behalf, what is there now to hinder you from put-

ting an end, by every means in your power short of actual warfare, to these armed interferences, and thus securing to us a chance, at least, of fair play? Your interests—your material interests as well as the sacred interests of your religion—call upon you to do so.

But if the holy voice of religion is insufficient, surely that of humanity will touch every English heart with a feeling of the duty of interposing between the executioner and the victim—between the oppressor and the oppressed. O Christian Englishmen, listen! Hear you not those groans of despair borne sadly on the breeze from yonder Ischia? Hear you not the blasphemies wrung from your tortured fellow-creatures by the thought that God as well as man has abandoned them to the tender mercies of their cruel tyrants? But no! God never abandons the oppressed. In this case he has raised up for them a powerful voice which must awaken in all humane hearts a feeling of pity (we hope not fruitless), and which has held up the Neapolitan tyrant to the maledictions and abhorrence of all mankind. Hear this voice, which thus eloquently describes the miserable condition of these captives:—

“I have spoken of Settembrini and his reputed and too credible torture; I come now to what I have either seen, or heard on the most direct and unquestionable authority.

“In February last, Poerio and sixteen of the oo-accused (with few of whom, however, he had had any

previous acquaintance) were confined in the *Bagno* of Nisida near the Lazaretto. For one half-hour in the week, a little prolonged by the leniency of the superintendent, they were allowed to see their friends outside the prison. This was their sole view of the natural beauties with which they were surrounded. At other times they were exclusively within the walls. The whole number of them, except I think one, then in the infirmary, were confined, night and day, in a single room of about sixteen palms in length by ten or twelve in breadth, and about ten in height ; I think with some small yard for exercise. Something like a fifth must be taken off these numbers to convert palms into feet. When the beds were let down at night, there was no space whatever between them ; they could only get out at the foot, and, being chained two and two, only in pairs. In this room they had to cook or prepare what was sent them by the kindness of their friends. On one side, the level of the ground is over the top of the room ; it therefore reeked with damp, and from this, tried with long confinement, they declared they suffered greatly. There was one window—of course unglazed—and let not an Englishman suppose that this constant access of the air in the Neapolitan climate is agreeable or innocuous ; on the contrary, it is even more important to health there than here to have the means of excluding the open air, for example, before and 'at sunset. Vicissitude of climate, again, is quite as much felt there as here, and the early morning is sometimes bitterly cold.

“ Their chains were as follows. Each man wears a strong leather girth round him above the hips. To this are secured the upper ends of two chains. One

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chain of four long and heavy links descends to a kind of double ring fixed round the ankle. The second chain consists of eight links, each of the same weight and length with the four, and this unites the two prisoners together, so that they can stand about six feet apart. Neither of these chains is ever undone day or night. The dress of common felons, which, as well as the felon's cap, was there worn by the late Cabinet-Minister of King Ferdinand of Naples, is composed of a rough and coarse red jacket, with trowsers of the same material—very like the cloth made in this country from what is called devil's dust ; the trowsers are nearly black in colour. On his head he had a small cap, which makes up the suit ; it is of the same material. The trowsers button all the way up, that they may be removed at night without disturbing the chains.

“ The weight of these chains, I understand, is about eight rotoli, or between sixteen or seventeen English pounds for the shorter one, which must be doubled when we give each prisoner his half of the longer one. The prisoners had a heavy limping movement, much as if one leg had been shorter than the other. But the refinement of suffering in this case arises from the circumstance that here we have men of education and high feeling chained incessantly together. For no purpose are these chains undone ; and the meaning of these last words must be well considered ; they are to be taken strictly.”*

* “ Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen, on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government, by the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone,” pp. 25–26.

After reading this, can it be possible that because you are happy in your own security you feel no pity for such miseries? You could not endure to see even a wild beast treated as are those poor prisoners, who, as Mr. Gladstone tells you, pine away their wretched lives in the dungeons of Naples. Naples! Let it not be imagined that *its* dungeons are the worst, or its tribunals the most corrupted and iniquitous in Italy. Had your noble-minded countryman entered the *Carceri Nuove* at Rome, the *Ergastolo* of Corneto, or the State Prison of San Leo, he would have called the prisoners of Ferdinand happy and fortunate captives!—But let me now finish my imperfect work with a short sketch of the present condition of my most noble and unfortunate country.

Unhappy Sicily expiates her love of liberty and her desire for a Constitution—expressed in dependence on British promises—under the despotic tyranny of military executioners. In Naples, a band of ruffians, called Government police, are masters of the life and property of every citizen. At the caprice of these worthies, or for having the misfortune to have displeased one of them, or even without this, and merely to display their zeal and earn a reward, *some* of them will arrest any one, and put him in prison; *some* afterwards go and denounce him as a conspirator to any of the tribunals; *others* assume the dress of civilians, and offer against him false evidence corroborative of the charge; while

others, donning judge's robes, after a mockery of the forms of justice, pass upon the unhappy wretch a sentence of death, which, however, the merciful king commutes to condemnation for life to an infected and horrible den,—to a life of continued agony, in order that he may long enjoy the spectacle of his victim's sufferings. In these procedures the accused is condemned before-hand. He is not allowed to choose his own counsel,—or if he is, woe to the man who undertakes his defence! woe to him above all if he can clearly prove his client's innocence;—he must immediately join him in his dungeon. Against all this there is no redress. No public journal dares to make the slightest remark, or to utter a word of pity for the victim or blame for the executioner! Meanwhile the bigoted Ferdinand, exulting in the state of his prisons and the number of his captives, proudly erects to its full height his herculean person, and fancies himself a mighty monarch! and when next he asks for absolution from his Jesuit confessor, he offers as an acceptable extenuation for his sins, the tears and groans of twenty-six thousand of his Liberal subjects. Such is the king whom Pius the Ninth holds up in the face of Europe as a model to be imitated!!

In the Roman States, the condition of the people is still more lamentable. There may be seen three tyrannies instead of one, each of them pursuing a different end—each having its peculiar tastes and

vices, and yet each placing its power at the service of the others, for the punishment of acts which they may consider criminal, but which are regarded by itself as virtuous.

In Rome there is such complexity, such confusion in the government, that it is impossible to discover whether it is subject to the military dictatorship of the French or the *paternal* authority of the Inquisition. Courts-martial act alternately with the ecclesiastical tribunals. The one imprisons the people for insulting the French sentinels—the other condemns them for irreverence towards their spiritual masters. As at Naples, a gang of ruffians, here called *sbirri*, who are no other than pardoned convicts of the galleys—assassins—prowl through every street, and, with or without pretext, enter the houses, seize the inhabitants, ill-treat them at their pleasure, and drag them off to prison, where they must remain without even the consolation of being tried by a Neapolitan mock tribunal. But as this has, from time immemorial, been the practice of the Papal Government, I have nothing more to say regarding it. But where shall I find words strong enough to stigmatize those French soldiers who lend to these *sbirri* the support of their arms, and march under their orders to assist in the above-mentioned glorious exploits! How can those French gendarmes ever be sufficiently execrated, who went to arrest that mother and those sisters whose only crime was that they had strewed flowers upon the

grave of their son and brother who had died fighting for the Republic? The more shameful is it for them, these children of Voltaire,—greater is the ignominy of these admirers of Robespierre, that they, although hating and disbelieving the priests still more than we do, should nevertheless have prostituted their swords to maintain them in power, and that they should have so deeply degraded themselves as to wear the decorations received from the hands of the Pope side by side with those won on the plains of Austerlitz. But could the priests show their gratitude for all these services, we would not long remain unavenged on these our kind brother Republicans. Antonelli may be a hypocrite, an adulterer, but still he appears to me a great man: his plan to get rid of his distrusted protectors shows him a genius; and I would advise all my countrymen to assist him in his bold enterprise.

Discord is among the victors—distrust between the two heterogeneous allies; yet both discord and distrust are laid aside when the object is to make their unhappy victims feel the weight of their tyranny!

Ten thousand innocent captives taken by Italian sbirri and French gendarmes fill the prisons of Rome. Many are the barbarous, unjust, and infamous executions that have taken place; many poor wretches are under sentence of death; and in the dungeons of the Inquisition are immured a

vast number of unfortunates, some of whom for the last two years have not seen a friendly face, and have not even been made aware of the crime for which they are committed. This is the lot of Rome and its vicinity !

The Romagna, coveted by Austria, who is ever greedy of new territory, is now governed almost exclusively by her. Not that the priests and the *sbirri* have not, or do not exercise, the power of maltreating and imprisoning the inhabitants there as well as in Rome, but that the Austrians arrogate to themselves still more authority than is assumed by the French in the city. Is any one guilty of possessing an offensive weapon?—he is arrested and shot within twenty-four hours. Does he inadvertently let slip any expression of disaffection towards his tyrants, or sing a song which they dislike?—they drag him into the public Place, and there inflict upon him the disgraceful punishment of the lash. The prisons are full—emigration continual—terrorism at its height.

Yet by far the greatest of the miseries which distract the unfortunate Romans is the insulting gaiety of the priests, who seem to rejoice over the general mourning. As for the Pope, he has not yet granted a single pardon, dried a single tear, shortened by a single hour the torments to which fifteen thousand of his subjects are condemned. Yet with hypocritical accents he talks of his *paternal heart*, of his unbounded love for his children, and of the

mercies of the Christian religion. He conducts all the theatrical pageants of his church as formerly, and to avoid the recurrence of past calamities, he places Rome under the protection of the holy Virgin and the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul.

Tuscany is also governed by Austria. Twelve thousand Croats tread this garden of Italy. The Tuscans, although not so severely maltreated physically as their brother Italians, endure nevertheless the moral torture of finding themselves—the most refined and polished people of Europe—insulted and trodden down by the most brutish and barbarous of its inhabitants. As for the Grand Duke—Leopold of Hapsburg—he is perfectly happy,—happy that he can now, undisturbed, indulge his propensity to sleep—happy to see his ungovernable Livornese humiliated—happy in being no longer obliged to wear the jesuitical mask of paternal kindness—happy in the embraces of his Duchess, converted while at Gaeta by Pius the Ninth to a more prudent course of life.*

Of the Duchies of Parma and Modena it is superfluous to speak. They are to all intents and purposes provinces of Austria, and governed in its old paternal manner.

In Lombardy, Austrian barbarity has reached

* Previous to their voyage to Gaeta, a misunderstanding had subsisted between the Grand Duke and the Duchess on account of a certain Professor Punta, who on their return was dismissed.

its lowest point. There, women—aye, ladies!—have been publicly disgraced by flagellation! In Lombardy, General Haynau's successor has outdone the Spanish Inquisition itself. His military agents are required to send him an accurate account not only of what every suspected person does, but also of what he *thinks*—nay of what he (the military informer) *supposes he would think* in such or such forthcoming circumstances. In spite of its atrocity, this is really ludicrous.

Whilst the unfortunate Lombards, broken down by so many calamities, are forced to pay the debts incurred for the hire of the very soldiers who have bombarded their cities, and obliged to surrender their sons to swell the armies of their oppressors, Radetzki gives military balls and banquets in the depopulated city of Milan; and the young and facile Emperor, with his bigoted and superstitious mother, *honours* that city and Venice with his *presence*, and receives the forced congratulations of their constituted bodies,—the Official Gazette says, of the entire population.

Such is the political aspect of Italy. Let us now look at the state of her religion.

In Naples, we find superstition and bigotry,—of religion, nothing but the name—San Gennaro before God—*Ignatius Loyola* preferred to Jesus Christ.

In Rome the usual pomp of ceremonies and external forms, to which the people throng,—some

from habit, and some as an amusement sought after in the absence of any other. Otherwise, there is, if possible, even less religion than in Naples. Besides, the people's insurmountable hatred for the priests, with whom the ignorant confound religion, has driven many into the unconsolatory state of atheism.

In Tuscany, the most enlightened portion of Italy, where the Pope's recent Concordat has created the greatest indignation, there is a little less superstition, a little more morality, and there even begins to take root the seed of the true religion of Christ.

In the Lombardo-Venetian States there is apathy and indifference.

In Piedmont a more consoling prospect presents itself. A new era in religion seems to have dawned. The Piedmontese, raised by their new Constitution to the dignity of citizens, are firmly resolved to shake off the ignominious chains of the Court of Rome. The law *Siccardi* has given a mortal blow to the authority of the priests, and the two impertinent and imperious Archbishops who dared to resist it are banished from the country. The Romish priest is now subject to the Civil magistrate—the Constitution superior to the Canon law. To the religious persecutions of the Jesuits have succeeded liberty of conscience—universal toleration, and a Protestant chapel is now rising in the midst of the capital. Catholic priests, now allowed to discuss

doctrinal matters and to make use of their reasoning faculties, are beginning to perceive the errors and superstition in which they have lived, are publicly condemning them, and making praiseworthy efforts to impress their parishioners with their new views. And this change is due to the system of religious freedom which now prevails in Piedmont and Sardinia.

All this proves the truth of my assertion, that if true religion is to flourish in Italy it must be in the soil of political freedom. How can it be expected that any religious reform can ever be introduced into the Neapolitan, Roman, and Tuscan States, so long as through them the Inquisition holds supreme sway,—where the possession or the reading of a Bible is a heinous offence, punished with exile or imprisonment? Does not the fate of Count Guicciardini, in the least priest-ridden of these States—Tuscany—show what is reserved for those who attempt to possess and read the holy Gospel? I will not cease to repeat it,—If Italy is to be freed from religious error and superstition—if the Pope's propaganda is to be made to consume itself in fruitless efforts—if English Protestants are unwilling to see yet more of their countrymen abandoning the religion of the Gospel, and renouncing the worship of God for the idolatry of the Pope—if they would avoid having more Cardinals sent from Rome—if they desire that their fellow-citizens of Ireland should attend their unsectarian

Colleges, and so should emerge from the ignorance in which their priests intentionally keep them,—they must, by every means which God has placed at their disposal, assist us Italians to rid ourselves of our enemy—the Pope!—help us to drag down the *Prince* from his throne :—the Pontiff will of himself fall from his chair.

If I have at all succeeded in convincing my Protestant readers that the downfall of the Church of Rome can only be accomplished by first depriving the Pope of his temporal dominion, surely they must feel bound in conscience to aid us in the accomplishment of this preliminary step. Millions of money are subscribed in England to convert the heathen from idolatry, and the whole United Kingdom is overspread with Missionary Societies. She sends forth her courageous and all-enduring Missionaries to brave the scorching sun and pestilential malaria of the African coast, and the dangers of the deserted regions of Rocky Mountains, in her zeal for the conversion of simple and comparatively harmless tribes, to whom doubtless God would forgive much on account of their ignorance,—while she neglects at her very door a stronghold of idolatry,—and that not an idle and passive idolatry, but a most active and proselytizing one—an idolatry whose enterprising propagandists penetrate to her very heart.

Believe me, O ye zealous English missionaries, if you desire to labour effectively in the vineyard

of the Lord, you need not travel so far from home as Senegambia. There is a land—a fertile and promising one, in which—with less labour, you will gather a much more abundant harvest. That land is already prepared to receive the good seed. Its inhabitants stretch out their hands towards you, and are ready to help you in the work. They long to embrace you as dear and beloved brethren, provided you extend to them your friendly aid. They call you to come and behold that land, richer than any other in souls ready to receive the truth. But the Spirit of Darkness broods over it, and will perhaps raise up obstacles in your path. You must prepare for fight. Should he retain his spiritual form, and obstruct your way in the shape of a false religion, the *Bible* is the weapon with which you must drive him out. But if he opposes you in the shape of the man called the POPE, he must be fought with *carnal* weapons;—*the ship which is to convey the Bible to Italy, must be preceded by an ARMED FLEET.*

THE END.

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